

Library of
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY



BRIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS

LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASS.

THE
CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

NOVEMBER, 1844.

A MIDDLE STATE.

BY THE VERY REV. FELIX VARELA, D. D.

PROTESTANTS may say that they do not admit the Scriptures which we have to prove the existence of Purgatory, but they cannot say that we confess that we have no Scripture to prove it. In fact our principal text is taken from the book of the Machabees, which Protestants do not admit. But why? Certainly, because it proves the doctrine they are determined to reject. We read there that *it is holy and wholesome to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins.* (2 Mac. xii. 46.) But Protestants observe, that the books of Machabees were not always received in the church. Neither the epistle of St. Paul *to the Hebrews* was always received in the church,

even a great many of the ancient writers rejected it, and notwithstanding it is a part of the Protestant canon of the Scriptures as well as of the Catholic Bible. Who authorized that epistle as canonical? The church, for certainly from her we received it, and only from her Protestants received it, although they pretend not to be aware of it. The universal consent in stating that epistle to be a sacred one, as well as the rest of St. Paul, induced the church to consider seriously upon it, and to examine the ground of those that did not admit it, or rather to examine whether it was not received *only* because it was not given as *canonical* by the church; although it has been

always considered by every body as a sacred writing. The church did admit and declare the said epistle as *canonical*, and so it has been considered and kept ever since, till Luther, and the greatest part of Lutherans denied its authority. Why do not Protestants at this age follow Luther in rejecting the epistle to the Hebrews? They must confess, in spite of their anger against the church, that they keep it because they received it. And from whom? From the church:

Is it not the same case with the books of Machabees? Were they not always considered as sacred, and read in the church with the rest of the Scriptures, although they were not in the canon, *only* for the want of a declaration or a decision of the church? Was she not obliged to consider and examine the point, and after a proper examination, has she not declared those books as really *canonical* as she did with the epistle to the Hebrews? Why then do Protestants admit the latter and reject the former? It is, indeed, a great inconsistency.

We spoke only of the Epistle to the Hebrews, but Protestants know very well that it is the same case with the Epistle of St. James, the second Epistle of St. Peter, the second and third Epistles of St. John, the Epistle of Jude, and the Revelation; the last chapter of the gospel of St. Mark, the chapter of the gospel where the agony is mentioned, and the

chapter of the gospel of St. John, relative to the woman taken in adultery. All these parts of the Scriptures are called *deutero-canonical*, because they were not in the canon of the Scriptures ever since they were written, but were added to it by the declaration of the church. The Protestant Bible contains all of them, but it does not contain the books of Machabees. It is true that the rest of the deutero-canonical books of the Old Testament are equally left out of the Protestant Bible, as those of Machabees, but this does not destroy our argument, for we will ask the same question. Why are they not admitted, if those of the New Testament that are also deutero-canonical be admitted?

As to the book of Tobias, the reason is obvious, for in the xii. chap. 12 v. the archangel Raphael says to Tobias, *I offered thy prayers to God*; and this could not be consistent with the Protestant doctrine, and therefore the book cannot be admitted. Were these passages left out, the book would be in the Protestant canon, and so would be the books of Machabees, were it not for that passage above quoted, which is so openly in favor of the Catholic doctrine in regard to Purgatory.

Protestants do not agree among themselves on this point as they do not in any other. Almost all the Lutherans reject all the *deutero-canonical* books of the New Testament; but the Calvinists admit them altogether. So are they divided even in their *only* rule of faith.

It is true, that the books of Machabees as well as the rest of *deutero-canonical*, were not included in the canon of the Jews, and from this circumstance Dissenters think to derive a powerful argument against them; but let us consider the facts, and we shall be convinced of the authenticity of those books. The Synagogues had no canon of the Scriptures till the time of Esdras, that is to say, till the time of Artaxerxes *Longimanus*. Notwithstanding the Synagogue had the Scriptures in the same manner, with the same authority, and with the same veneration as she did afterwards. The canon was closed, and those inspired authors, who wrote in the subsequent ages, were equally respected as the others, but their writings were not included in the canon which the Synagogue thought proper to keep, as it had been compiled by Esdras. The Synagogue did not think that the *material* circumstances of being included in the canon was absolutely necessary, as long as the books were in fact included in the canon, by being admitted as sacred books by the whole Synagogue, and read with the rest of the Scriptures. Suppose that the church, when she declared, as of divine authority, those parts of the New Testament, that we call therefore *deutero-canonical*, would wish to have untouched the ancient canon; the said parts of the Scripture should be kept as of divine authority, without being in the canon, that is to say, without being compiled in the same volume with the rest. The Syna-

gogue did not make any declaration on this subject, but the practice she kept proves very plain what was her belief about it, for she would never give to the people as a sacred Scripture, a book without being of divine authority.

It is therefore very plain that the books of Machabees ought to be admitted as a part of the Holy Scriptures, and that Dissenters exclude them from it, *only* because the Catholic doctrine in regard to Purgatory is there evidently proved.

But suppose that the books of Machabees are not *canonical*. Can Protestants deny that those books contain or express the believing of the Synagogue? Unless the Synagogue admitted the doctrine of the purgatory, these books, where it is so plainly expressed, could not be read as sacred volumes by the same Synagogue. Protestants will not deny that the Synagogue taught the true doctrine; for it is very plain in the Holy Scriptures, and our Saviour himself told the people to hear the doctors of the law, and to act according to their doctrine, but not according to their example. We know that the Jewish people was the people of God, protected by him, and he therefore never allowed them to be deceived or to be guilty without admonition and punishment. Whenever they committed any crime, there was immediately some prophet sent by God to remind them of their iniquity, and every error was followed by an admonition and correction. Has God

sent any prophet, or ordered any just man to admonish the Jews, and separate them from the believing in purgatory? Did not all of them, even the most pious, believe it? Did not the friends of God pray to him for their departed brethren? Had they any reproach from the Deity? Were they admonished to act better? No such thing. Is not this an evident proof of the divine origin of such a doctrine? Would God approve what does not come from himself? Had we not any other proof of the doctrine of purgatory, this would be sufficient.

Our Saviour, who certainly destroyed every superstition and idolatry, never said a word against that believing—never reproved the practice of praying for the dead. Is not this a proof of his approbation? The Apostles were in the same belief; and our Saviour, to prevent that they should be led astray and deceive others, would not omit to instruct them on this subject, were they mistaken about it. That the Apostles had the same faith that Catholics have at present in regard to the departed souls, it is evident to every one who is acquainted with history, and the rules to judge of historical facts. We find no modern origin to the practice of praying for the dead; there is no time pointed out as the commencement and introduction of this doctrine. The most eminent authors refer to it the Apostles.

We shall not enter into the question whether the liturgy, which is called of St. James, was written by

himself; but we hope that every impartial man will confess that it has been written according to his instructions, and the practice of his church. He was a bishop of Jerusalem, and the liturgy of that Church is the most ancient we have, and the origin and pattern of all the rest. St. Cyrilus of Jerusalem, and St. Justinus, if they be the authors of it, did nothing but to record the rites followed in the church established by St. James. St. Cyrilus tells us *Non praterimus orare Dominum . . . pro iis omnibus qui decesserunt, quique inter nos vitam egerunt.* Tertullian, who lived in the second century, speaks of the mass for the dead, not as a new thing, but as a thing received from the Apostles. (*De corona militum.*) Origines, who lived in the third century, states the same. (*Comment in cap. 3 Job.*) S. Chrysostom, who lived in the fourth century, says, “Not without prudence, WAS ESTABLISHED BY THE APOSTLES, that in the great mysteries, mention should be made of the dead.” *Non temere ab apostolis sancita fuerunt, ut in tremendis mysteriis defunctorum agatur commemoratio.* [*Homil 69, ad populum Antioch.*] St. Epiphanius, who lived also in the fourth century, entertains and supports the doctrine of purgatory, and of prayers for the dead against some heretics, and says, “The church does pray for the dead, necessarily, because she received this rite from the first age.” *Necessario facere illud Ecclesiam dico quia traditum sibi illum ritum a maioribus acceperit.* We see very plain that the doctrine of pray-

ing for the dead was considered as Apostolic, and its opposers as heretics, by St. Epiphanius. (*Hæres.* 75.) There is no doubt but the Apostles approved of the practice of praying for the dead, and if it be not so, why were considered as heretics, those who opposed it in the fourth century, and never was considered as such the first who introduced it, if this was the case?

We beg Protestants to reflect that every new doctrine calls the attention; and much more in matters of religion, and on such important points as the one in question. The first man who would dare to give out a new doctrine against the practice and believing of the church, could not but meet with a great many opposers, and the fact could not but be very remarkable in history. What historian ever mentioned it? Who ever heard of it? Does not this prove the apostolical origin of the doctrine and practice of praying for the dead? This consideration will be much more powerful if we reflect that the apostles knew the practice of the Jews; and if they did not approve of it, certainly they would instruct the people, and command them to avoid it, as they did in regard to some superstitious doctrines. Suppose now a congregation thus prepared by the Apostles, and that a man comes out inducing the rest to pray for the dead. Would he not have had the same fate as those who came out to forbid the prayers for the dead? Would he not have been opposed by every Christian? But no such thing ever

happened, and therefore, Protestants may see that we do what the Apostles did; and we believe what they taught after the instructions of their divine Master.

The church always prayed for the departed soul, and it is very certain what Calvin said, namely, that during "1500 years before his time, it had been the practice to pray for the dead, in hope of procuring them relief." And this universal, ancient and uncorrupted practice he opposed! Ought not the piety and wisdom of thousands and thousands of eminent characters of antiquity and of modern times, deserve his consideration, and incline him to think that such a doctrine cannot have but apostolical origin, and cannot be but the doctrine of our Saviour? Is it correct to oppose this apostolical doctrine, after reading, *Whoever hears you hears me, and whoever despises you despises me?*

Not only the Catholics, but a great many of the dissenters confess the existence of purgatory. Dr. Johnson says, "The generality of mankind are neither so obstinately wicked as to deserve everlasting punishment, nor so good as to merit being admitted into the society of the blessed spirits; and God is therefore generously pleased to allow A MIDDLE STATE WHERE THEY MAY BE PURIFIED BY A CERTAIN DEGREE OF SUFFERING." (Quoted by Butlër, in his *Book of the Church*, p. 104.) Bishop Cranmer said mass for the soul of Henry II. of France: Bishop Ridly preached, and a great many prelates were present. These Protestant bishops

certainly believed in purgatory, and it appears that the congregation was not far from that believing, as they were not scandalised. Protestants may say that this took place at the beginning, when the *glorious reformation* was not finished, and the mass was not abolished; but we beg them to reflect that the question in regard to the indulgences and purgatory, was the very cause of the Reformation; and that at the beginning, the minds of the reformed Christians were enraged more than ever against this doctrine. Notwithstanding, those who properly called themselves rational Protestants always supported it, as grounded in the Scriptures, and received from the Apostles.

Bishop Hobart, in his *Dissertation on the state of the departed souls*, (p. 20,) say, "In the prayers of Christ's church militant in the communion service, we are taught to beseech God that *we with all those who have departed this life, in faith and fear, MAY be partakers of this heavenly kingdom.*" The happiness of heaven is here considered as a future event in respect to those departed, as well as to ourselves.

In like manner, in the prayers of burial service, we beseech Almighty God that *we, with all those we are departed in the true faith of his holy name, may have our PERFECT CONSUMMATION AND BLISS, BOTH IN BODY AND SOUL, in his eternal and everlasting glory.* The faithful who are departed, have not yet their perfect consummation and bliss both in body and soul."

From these passages of the prayers of his church, as well as from a great many other authorities, Bishop Hobart proves the existence of a *middle state*, or middle place. It is true, that in the 93d page of said dissertation, he affirms that "this doctrine has not the most remote connexion with the *papal doctrine of purgatory.*" But we think that it has not the most remote, but the nearest connexion, we rather say identity, with the Catholic doctrine of purgatory.

Bishop Hobart, indeed, establishes a great difference between these doctrines, for he says that he, with all the Protestant authors quoted by him, only admit a middle place where the souls are detained till the day of resurrection; but not a place where they are purified by suffering. He thinks that at present there are no souls in heaven nor in hell, but in different places from both; and that the wicked are tormented, but not so much as they will be in hell; and the just are in happiness, but not so much as they will be in heaven.—Their fate, notwithstanding, is already fixed and unchangeable. We acknowledge that the doctrine thus expressed is different from the Catholic doctrine, for we believe that the saints are already in heaven, and the wicked are already in hell; and that those who died in friendship of God, in his love and fear, but with some imperfections, are purified by suffering, because nothing defiled will enter into heaven.

With the greatest consideration to Bishop Hobart's talents, we cannot but remark, that the proofs presented

by him, go much farther than this doctrine ; for they evidently demonstrate the existence of purgatory. A prayer means a humble petition for some benefit, and therefore, whenever we pray, our intention is to obtain from God the grace or the benefit we pray for ; and this must be according to the holy will of God—otherwise the prayer would be a real insult to him. Suppose now that there is a middle place, where the souls *must necessarily be* till the last day ; and at that time the just *must be necessarily in heaven* and the wicked *necessarily in hell*. Suppose that the just are happy, but their happiness cannot be increased by our prayers ; suppose that no purification takes place in the world to come. What is meant, we should ask, by those prayers of the Church of England ? Why do they beseech that those *who departed in the true faith of the holy name of God, MAY have perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in his eternal everlasting glory.*

Such prayers are useless, as they have no object ; they will not anticipate or increase the happiness of the departed soul ; they will not secure for them the everlasting glory, of which they are already sure. They cannot be intended to beseech God to invoke his infallible and unchangeable decree, for such prayers would be sinful. On our part we cannot account for the meaning of these prayers of the church of England, unless they admit with us, that souls can be helped by our prayers, in a

word ; unless they admit purgatory.

“That the celebrated Protestants, whose names,” says Bishop Hobart, “have been exhibited in support of this doctrine (of the middle state) in the preceding pages, that Campbell and Doddridge and Macknight, Presbyterian divines ; that bishops Taylor, Bull, Burnet, Secker, Horsley, Tomline, and other bishops of the English Church ; that Hammond and Whitby and Clarke and Scott, clergymen ; and Sir Peter King, a distinguished layman of that church ; that Wesley and Clarke, of the Methodist communion ; that Bishops Seabury and White of our own church ; that these, living in different ages and countries, and of different religious denominations, should have conspired to introduce the papal doctrine of purgatory, will hardly be credited.”

As to the intention of the above mentioned authors, some doubts may be entertained, and it would not be so *hardly credited* ; for we know that a great many of the Protestant divines admit the existence of purgatory, as Doctor Johnson, above quoted, and only to keep the appearance of *anti-papists*, they call it middle place, and alter some points in regard to this doctrine. But whatever may be their intention, their testimony is valuable to prove that the doctrine of a *middle state* is not rejected by Protestants of learning and high religious character.

We beg our readers to allow a digression from our subject ; which will enable us to enforce our answer.

From the Scriptures we can easily

prove that it is not the *fate* of all souls to be in that middle state, and much less to remain in it till the day of general resurrection. *I am straitened*, said the Apostle, *between two, having a desire to be dissotved, and to be with Christ. But to remain in the flesh is necessary for you.* (St. Paul to the Philippians, i. 23, 24.) It is very plain that the Apostle considered as an immediate consequence of his dissolution, his union to Jesus Christ, otherwise it would have been the same as if a man knowing that his father could not be in a certain city, but after a long period of years, or rather after an infinite period of years, he should say confidently, "I am anxious to arrive there and be with my father." Would not this be a very inconsistent and ridiculous way of talking? *While we are in the body we are absent from the Lord. We are confident, I say, and have a good will to be absent rather from the body, and to be present with the Lord.* [2 Corinth, chap. 5 v. 7 and 8.] Here then St. Paul considers *to be present with the Lord* as a consequence of being *absent from the body*, and therefore the souls absent from the body can be, and a great many actually are, with the Lord, that is, in glory.

We find in the Apocalypse many texts to confirm the same truth. *Around about the throne were four and twenty seats, and upon the seats were four and twenty ancients sitting.* [Chap. iv. 4.] *And when he had opened the fifth seal I saw under the altar THE* SOULS *of them that were slain for the*

word of God, and for the testimony they held. [Chap. vi. 9.] *After this I saw a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and tribes, and people, and tongues, standing before the throne and in the sight of the Lamb.* [Chap. vii. 9.] *Thess are they who come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and have them white in the blood of the Lamb.* [Ib. v. 14.] *These were purchased from among men, the first fruits to God, und to the Lamb.* [Chap. xiv. 4.]

The texts of the Scriptures from which some Protestant divines think that an argument can be derived against this doctrine, of the actual glory of the saints in heaven, only prove that the complete glorification of the saints will not take place till the last day, for their bodies will not be glorified before that time; but not that their souls are not now in glory. The principal argument is taken from the resurrection of our Saviour, for his soul was not in heaven before it, but *descended into hell*; "will a privilege be conferred to the members, says Bishop Hobart, which was not enjoyed by the Head? (*Funeral Address on the state of departed souls*, p. 6.) If this argument be admitted, it will prove also, that saints will not be glorified immediately after their resurrection, for our Saviour was not, according to the texts quoted by Bishop Hobart, to prove his doctrine. "Touch me not," said Jesus to Mary Magdalene, when he had risen from the dead. "For I have not yet ascended to your Father and to my Father, to your God and to my God."

Hence the saints will have no privilege to be glorified immediately after the resurrection, which I do not think to be the doctrine of the Reformed Episcopal Church.

The direct answer to this observation is, that the Redeemer as such, did a great many things, and went through a great many proceedings, to which he did not bind his redeemed children. It was becoming to our Lord to show, in his resurrection our own, but the glorification which will take place in heaven, he did not show in his person during the forty days he was on earth, for the benefit and establishment of his church. But his redeemed people will be glorified immediately after the resurrection, as there is no reason to deprive them of that happiness. Besidee the soul of our Saviour being united to the Divinity, and free from human frame, and not being subject to suffer any more ; certainly was in perfect happiness, and we rather say, that it was in heaven, for God is the happiness of heaven. Before the passion of our Lord, his blessed soul, although united to the Divine nature in the second person of the Holy Trinity, and although it received all the blessings and graces, and gifts of the Holy Ghost ; although it had the vision or sight of the Divinity, *visio intuitiva divinitatis* ; notwithstanding as he came as a servant, *forma servi*, to suf-

fer and die for us, that blessed soul was allowed to feel the sadness and pains to which human nature is subject, but never so as to destroy its happiness, or to produce any disorder of passions, or to disturb that joyful state, which is the natural consequence of the hypostatical union. After our Saviour's death, his blessed soul was no more to suffer anything, as no suffering was any more wanted for the redemption of mankind, and therefore the soul of our Saviour was in the plenitude of happiness and glory, although his body was not yet glorified.

From the above, it follows, that no comparison whatever can be established between the state of our Saviour's soul and that of the souls of his faithful servants ; and that no argument can be properly grounded on any such comparison. But if any be admitted, that certainly will be in favor of the Catholic doctrine, for our Redeemer's soul separated from his body, was properly glorified in heaven, before his resurrection, because to have the clear sight or vision and *fruition* of the Divinity is to be in heaven. Therefore if any comparison be established, it would prove that the souls of the saints separated from their bodies are in glory, which is the Catholic doctrine in regard to those who die already purified.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE EXPOSITOR

ORIGIN OF FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN to the sinless hosts of heaven
The just decision was proclaimed,
That fallen man, from Eden driven,
Had forfeited the rights he claimed :
A mournful dirge of sorrow stirred
The depths of the spirit land,
And nature shuddered as she heard
Her sovereign's dread command.

Though justice every fault records
Yet mercy never slumbers ;
She touched her harp's most gentle chords
And called forth its sweetest numbers—
Great father of light, the seraph prayed, '
Oh grant me the sacred privilege,
To bear but one plant from Eden's shade
To cheer the exile's pilgrimage.

She roamed where the garden bloomed most fair,
For her kind request was granted,
And to the wanderer's path, with care,
The precious boon transplanted—
So sweet was the fragrance its flower diffused
That angels well might crave it,
With beauteous tints were its leaves suffused
And "friendship" the name she gave it.

Now found the wanderer sweet repose,
When with care and doubt enveloped,
Yet, not till religion's sun arose
Were its native charms developed ;
It hath since, by mercy's care preserved,
A generous shelter given,
But its choicest flowers are yet reserved
For the genial clime of heaven.

LYNCH.

FOR THE EXPOSITOR.

IL CICERONE.

A TALE OF TRAVEL.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAPTAIN'S NOTIONS, PREJUDICES, &c.

In the excitement of conversation, and the delight of meeting two of his own countrymen so far from home, the Captain seemed to forget his sorrows. For, kind reader, he was one of those who had been visited by misfortune, and who had a tale to tell which you would weep to hear. Still, with the spirit of a well-tried mariner, he bore up against adversity, and with the view of recovering from the paroxysm of his woes, he determined to travel through the beauteous country where we met.

He appeared to derive infinite relaxation of mind from the eccentric deportment, and the amusing language, of the Cicerone. He was, as must have been observed already naturally and strongly prejudiced against the people among whom he then found himself—and unfortunately his prejudices were not at all softened, much less removed, by the inconsistency of Filippo. But really, in some respects, the Cicerone was

not more inconsistent than many an *enlightened* traveller. I might even add that the captain himself entertained rather a set of incongruous notions about every thing foreign. His national enthusiasm painted the very sweep of America in colours more attractive than the King of Sardinia himself! The old stumps in the fields about his father's farm presented to his heated fancy more thrilling associations than the classic vales and hills around him. The antique well, from which, in his childhood, he was wont to draw up buckets of water, was more interesting to him, than the pure streams of Castalia, or the bright waters of Egeria! and rather would his ear drink in the song of his own dear "yankee-doodle," than the most rapturous harmony of Italy's far-famed Rossini.

Rossini!—he never has heard of that name! the literature of Italy he was utterly unacquainted with. Perhaps he might have heard of Tasso, but the modern poets were as perfect strangers to him, as Campbell or Hogg are to the ignorant class of Turinese.

And yet if the Captain had found

in his intercourse with the Italians—as far as his intercourse could extend, who conversed with them only through Filippo—that they were ignorant of the names above mentioned, to say nothing of our less distinguished American authors, he would have burst forth into his ordinary exclamation: “What ignorance! what stupidity!” How cautious should we not be, in overwhelming a whole people in the unsparing denunciation!

Young men who, after having stored your minds at College with all the love of classic erudition: ye, whose young hearts have bounded and leaped with enthusiasm, when the history of the ancient Romans was placed before you—when you read the elegant biography of an Atticus, or an Epaminondas, by Cornelius Nepos;—or the finished memoirs of Julius Cæsar—or the terse and lofty annals of Tacitus—ye, ingenuous Americans who, after these refining studies, depart from your native shores to visit the land of heroism and glory; when you traverse the still lovely plains of Italy, with the pages of Livy before you, pause and examine, with a critic’s care, the condition of the country, mingle with the best informed of the natives; make yourselves acquainted with their literature, and their customs, ere you pronounce judgment against them.

Enchanting was the scenery which stretched around our view, from the court-yard of the Dogana, where we stood conversing. The white man-

sions of Turin, all of the same height, and uniformly erected, glittered in the beams, mellow and soft, of the declining sun. His glorious chariot seemed to rest on the peaks of the high mountains which hang round the city, as though its steeds, wearied with their diurnal course, wished to breathe and loiter, as long as possible, above the green valleys, and the clear Po, and the olive-hills, and the vine-crowned plains.

Deep thoughts chained my fancy, while my companion whiled the idle hour with the strange persons around him: yea, as he laughed with Filippo—and amused himself in forcing him to stammer out all the broken english he knew, I retired to a quiet corner, and indulged my mood of contemplation—and deem it not affectation, benevolent reader,—you will be convinced that it is not when you learn that that beautiful sun was shedding his farewell rays upon the ancient tombs of my forefathers.

The Captain observing me to be alone, and looking rather thoughtful, drew near me, followed by Filippo, and my friend.

‘Filippo thinks you must be a true American,’ he said, ‘as you have the propensity of the Eagle, our National bird, to gaze upon the sun.’

The mirth of the Captain, who had so much cause to be melancholy, started me from my reverie.

‘I am glad Filippo is acquainted with our national emblem,’ I returned.

‘You have often seen the American flag, Filippo, have you not?’ asked the captain.

‘*Sicuramente,*’ returned the Cicerone—‘at Frieste, and Napoli.’

But there is no eagle on the flag, Filippo;’ said my friend.

‘Me know vell, signore, no eagle dere—*Ma*, me see de arms of de Consul Americans, over de door his palazzo.’

‘Our country is as far above Italy,’ my companion would persist notwithstanding the Nector-like advice of the polish general, ‘as the eagle is superior to the common hawk!’

The captain agreed with him. I was silent. Filippo looked as sage as Thales! ‘Do you not think as I do, Filippo?’ he asked.

‘*Precisamente Signore,*’ was his ‘Better dan de *no Ameriban Inglisi* to,’ he shrewdly added.

But, had he been asked by an Englishman whether he did not regard England as far very far preferable to the United States—or rather the *Inglisi*, to the *Americani*—or, perhaps, still better—as I have heard them distinguished the *Inglisi di Londra*, to the *Inglisi di Boston*, he would, with the same apparent feeling of sincerity have answered: *Senza dubbio!*

You must be aware, my reader,—if I may be allowed to address you in so familiar a manner—that the object of this narrative is to exhibit the real character of the Cicerone; how man will adapt himself, through interest, to every circumstance; and, at the same time, to leave upon your mind in deep conviction this moral: that we are not to be prejudiced against any people from the ignorance or

subtility we may discover in any individual.

CHAPTER V.

THE PECULIARITIES OF A CICERONE.

‘You have been fixing your eye, with an expression of pensive thoughtfulness, upon the last rays of the Italian sun,’ said the captain to me—‘oh had you half to cause *your* spirit to despond that *mine* has,——’ he could not finish his sentence—writhing with grief he clasped his hardy brow with his right hand and turned aside.

‘Why, captain,’ I returned, ‘I should not, to judge from the good humor you have shown, suppose that there is much to torment you. For myself, to tell the truth, mine is the pensiveness rather of imagination than of reality.’

‘Oh! that I could say the same,’ cried the captain, who endeavored, meanwhile, to suppress his deep sorrow by calling out to Filippo in a merry tone: ‘have you every thing well packed up and secured Filippo?’

‘*Signor*, I get all ready soon—*stia Sicuro*—every ting go well,’ and he twisted about his black supple cane with an air of satisfaction and complacency, which caused the captain to laugh most heartily.

‘Are you for a move?’ asked my companion, ‘Whither do you bend your way, captain?’

‘To the next town—Lord knows what they call it—what is the name, Filippo?’

'Susa, *signor*, Susa, near de foot di Mont Cenis.'

'You are going homeward then.'

'Homeward!' exclaimed the captain, 'there are the Alps and the Atlantic between me and home; and my ship——'

'There are ships enough at Havre,' said I.

'But mine, the gallant Columbina, where is she!—and home! oh is there a home without my——'. He wept bitterly.

Filippo, who was aware of the misfortune which the captain had sustained, understood not so much the language which he uttered, as the cause of his weeping.

'He lost his ship and sposa,' whispered the Cicerone, touching me softly upon the arm, 'all burn a *Trieste*.'

The captain overheard the name of Trieste, and suspected that Filippo had intimated the catastrophe which left him almost forlorn and despairing in a land of strangers. It was to forget for a while, at least, his miseries that he undertook, ignorant of the first principles of the Italian language, to travel through that country. And it was especially with a view to relieve his sunken heart of its anguish that he chose Filippo, a most amusing little fellow, for his Cicerone.

'This honest creature,' said he, pointing to Filippo, 'was at that fated place, where my woes overtook me—where calamity came upon me—where I lost my—all!'

'There is something yet remain-

for you, captain, I trust,' my companion observed. 'Hope is a sweet comforter; she breathes peace into the distracted bosom.'

'Alas! her torch has gone out for me!' exclaimed the captain.

Filippo, who understood the periodical returns of the captain's grief, in order to divert his master's mind from the consideration of the loss at Trieste, began to scold the men who were clustered like swallows about the door. He was, in truth, a perfect original; cunning, honest and blunt: now one thing, then another; and withall vain as possible of the smattering of English he had picked up, and of the catalogue of English and American names he could exhibit, to whom he had been attached in the capacity of Cicerone. There was my Lord such a one. Sir such a one. Admiral such a one. Then the honorable member of Congress; general of the American Army; the attache to the American legation; Bishop; the Reverend. He had occasionally seen Lord Byron, and was very intimate with Giacinto, his groom at Pisa.

This most dazling catalogue he loved on all occasions to produce, especially as the names were written by the personages themselves. As to his recommendations they were without number, in French, English, Italian, Spanish, and one in very good Latin.

Besides, he had travelled *traimonti*, had spent an entire winter in Paris, and was just on the point of going to London. As to Italy, Sicily, and

the Islands of Corsica, Majorca, Minorca, he new every port of them. He had lived many years at Trieste, and just before he met the captain, he had an offer to accompany a French gentleman to Constantinople. But he had no particular partiality for the French, that is, except when he was the Cicerone to a French traveller, always preferring the Americans, because he loved their government; no, because they payed him best!

'*Si signore*, me dere when de ship burnt up, and Madame and Misses,' said Filippo. The mention of Madame and Misses gave me immediately to understand that the poor captain had lost his ship, his wife, and his daughter. My heart bled for him. I passed over all his prejudices and erroneous notions regarding the country he was in, and felt deeply for his lamentable condition; not only distant from his home, but even when again he will find himself on his native shores, his hearth will be desolate, his house will be vacant, for all he valued most and loved most were taken from him by a premature fate, and their bodies lie deep among the coral caves of the Mediterranean waters. And yet, under all this anguish, the good and hardy captain must make a tour through Italy, to acquaint himself with the manners and customs of the people.

How many young reckless Americans depart from their homes for the same purpose, with just as little disposition to learn abroad? Why, my

dear reader, I am gradually becoming familiarized with you, no matter how great a stranger you may be. It requires a philosopher to scan the peculiar features of a nation: one, whose study for many a year has been political economy, must remain long in a foreign land; associate intimately with the people, particularly with the better order; understand thoroughly the language, and be deeply conversant with the history and literature of a nation, ere he venture to write his 'impressions' about them.

But above all, in Catholic countries, it is indispensably requisite that the traveller should devote a portion of his time to the study of the religion of the people, and know how to distinguish between the essential dogmas and the ceremonies: how to separate the substance from the superstitions of the vulgar. He should carefully remember that, if he pass an unqualified sentence of condemnation upon *their* faith, he involves in the sweeping anathema thousands of his own proud countrymen, who are devotedly and conscientiously attached to the same creed. Forget not, reader, that if Washington was a Protestant, Kosiusko was a member of the Church of Rome. If Jefferson was a *philosopher*, Charles Carroll was a rigid Catholic.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY, ON THE BANKS OF THE PO.

It was now twilight—and a more

luscious atmosphere exists not, than we breathed, on that lovely evening, at this hour, under the lofty and magnificent mountains that impend over the splendid city. The beautiful villas, as white as alabaster, smiled about the hills, and formed a romantic contrast with the shades that fell, broadly and densely, from their summits. The hour for the departure of the *diligence* was not very far off—and the captain was to bid us farewell when that hour should arrive.

Every one who has journeyed through the continent of Europe knows the time for starting is at night—a regulation, by the by, which many a *voyageur* regrets: for it is not every one that can sleep in a narrow coach, crowded upon by as many passengers as it can contain, while the deep snore, and the jolting of the rough vehicle, and the frequent stoppings on the road, tend to banish sleep from his wearied eye-lids.

Filippo looked at his watch, which he had begged from my Lord —; and turning a large seal upon his fingers, with an *hauteur*, which can hardly be described, observed that in a couple of hours he would be separated from his master.

‘It seven clock; *alle nove*, go *diligence*,’ he said.

‘You will regret the separation bitterly Filippo,’ shrewdly remarked my companion with a significant wink.

‘Helas!’ exclaimed the wily Cicerone—‘may be me find master *Americani*,’ he cunningly added; in-

timating his wish to be employed by us.

‘Are my pass-ports all ready, Filippo?’ asked the captain.

‘Dey signed by consul *Americano*, and by the *officiali Turinese*,’ he replied, ‘me go now de consul *di Francia*’—and he hurried off.

‘If you desire a Cicerone, gentlemen,’ said the captain, ‘I don’t think you could find a trustier one than that self-same rascal, Filippo.’

‘We certainly will require some one,’ returned I, ‘but we should like to have a steady, sober, intelligent, and honest man.’

‘Filippo is honest,’ said the Captain, ‘you may trust him with your lives. He is, to be sure, as changeable as the times—and has as many faces as ten Januses would have. Besides, he is as ignorant of every thing American as he is vain. Still he stood by me in my day of agony.—He plunged into the water after my own lost—dear ——! O my God! ——’ he incoherently exclaimed. ‘Let us take a walk to the river’s side,’ he continued, ‘and I will relate the whole history to you.’

We then bent our way to the florid banks of the Po: the far-famed Eridanus, into whose chrystal waters Jove is said to have precipitated Phaeton—a river which Virgil describes thus:

—quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum violentior intulit
ammis.

I know not how Dryden has translated these lines—nor have I consulted Pitt; who, *en passant*, be it re-

marked, though not the Poet Dryden was, still has, in the estimation of many sound critics, retained more literally the meaning of the original. If you will be satisfied with my attempt, kind reader, take the following:

A stream, than which none other glides
Through a more fertile plain;
Or wafts, with swifter course, its tides
Into the purple main!

A few moments brought us upon the banks of this famed river, on whose pure waters the last tints of sun-set were dancing in beauty and joy. We seated ourselves under a plane-tree, which, with its numberless roots, cleaved to the grassy banks, and spread a wide and solemn shade around. The water had a fascination for the captain. Cradled on the billows, he seemed to have made his home, like a sea-bird, upon their foam. And the late catastrophe—the loss of his dear wife—hallowed every wave in his imagination.

‘I promised to narrate what I can hardly bear to think of,’ said the captain.

Indeed, it was, without doubt, the *infandum dolorem*—and more truly so than that of Father Æneas, who recounted his sorrows to Dido from his “alto thoro!”

‘An American sailor can bear up against any misfortune, I hope,’ returned my young companion.

‘Anything but domestic anguish,’ exclaimed the captain. ‘To be suddenly deprived of a beloved and tender wife—a lovely and charming laughter—and a splendid ship, at

one blow of adversity: and that, too, afar from home, is more than human nature can patiently endure.’

‘I was led to believe that you had sustained some extraordinary calamity’ said I, ‘from your own intimations, captain, and the incoherent whisperings of Filippo.’

The case of the American Captain was this: He had, during seven years, sailed out of Boston, in the capacity of master of a noble ship, called the *Columbina*. A more elegant vessel never spread her canvass to the breeze, or ploughed the ocean billows. She rivalled the sea-gull in her speed, and seemed to sport, in majestic defiance, with the tempest’s wrath.

‘Do you not know, my friends,’ said he, ‘that we can become attached even to inanimate objects, as well as to a thing in life? I must acknowledge that I loved my noble vessel.’

In her he had braved many a temptuous night; she had ridden, with her starry banner afloat from her main-mast, the waters of every sea; and was the admiration of every eye. Her figure-head was dear to him: it was the bust of a female representing liberty, with a dove fluttering over her head—the symbol of peace and innocence. Oh how often did he watch, on her prow, that well-carved figure plunging into the brin waves, and rising again and a again, smiling, it would seem at danger, and inspiring his bosom with courage and with hope.

‘How gladly thrilled my pulse,

and throbbed my heart,' he exclaimed, 'when, returning from a far-off country, after a long and perilous voyage, I beheld, from her bow-sprit, the dim skirts of land tracing their lines along the horizon, and thought me of my own—lost—wife, and ——' sobs impeded his speech, and prevented him from concluding his sentence.

'I can well conceive how you could become attached to your beautiful ship, captain,' said my friend. 'The heart is moved with a species of gratitude towards even the unconscious vessel, that has borne us in safety from one distant shore to another—over an almost boundless waste of billows, breasting the howling tempest, and gallantly careering through every nameless danger!'

'Congenial with my own are your sentiments on this subject' said I—'wherever I may be, it will ever afford me pleasure to know that the winds of heaven blow favorably upon the ship which bore me hither—the stately Charles Carroll.'

'Judge then how warm must have been my attachment to my own fair ship, which for the last seven years, had conducted me safely from every quarter of the compass to my wife and home!'

'It may readily be understood, captain,' said my companion.

'Ah! never shall I be wafted back,' he sighed, 'in her or any other vessel, to my wife!'

'There is a providence,' I remarked, 'who directs all human events,

dear captain, to his will we must submit,'

'All things are for the best, I hope—but to continue the narrative.—A few months ago, when my cargo was aboard, and the day fixed for sailing, my wife—my own dear wife—expressed a desire to accompany me on my voyage. The proposal was to me most delightful. I immediately concurred in her wish, got every thing in readiness, and set sail on one of the fairest mornings that ever smiled on the waters. Oh! how charmed I was, to have with me my wife and infant daughter! I cared not for wind or wave: I looked not forward, with any anxiety, for the end of my passage—on land or sea, with her by my side life was happiness: for she was beautiful and virtuous—amiable and young! And my daughter!—the image of herself! her dark eyes, her pallid skin, her raven hair, her sweet smile, her benign expression—were all bequeathed to Laura—my gone, my —— Laura!'

The Captain's eyes streamed with tears, and his heart, stoutly as it could contend with adversity, bled profusely when he mentioned—Laura!

'She lies in the depths of the sea, like a sunken cherub!' he continued; she sleeps in the chambers of the mermaids—the sea-weed is the pillow on which rests the head of my wife—and Laura smiles in death by her side! Pass them by;' he cried with a gush of grief and anguish which no pen could describe—'pass them by ye sharks and fish of prey—

protect them ye lovely dolphins!—nymphs of the ocean embalm them in the ——.’

He arose, writhing under his feelings, from the green turf, and walked about like one distracted. He hoisted his white sails to winds as fair and fresh as the most impatient mariner could desire. His penons streamed triumphantly on the welkin, all his canvass, like the broad wings of the swan, were spread; his noble ship cleaved the foaming waves which she split and threw apart, as though she sported with their force—and they bade farewell to the blueish peaks of the capes, with the sanguine hope of returning to them as joyously as they now scudded away under the freshning breeze. Land soon disappeared—and they were ere night-fall, well away on the wide ocean. Brilliantly did the broad sun go down, scattering all his rays upon the exulting waters, and painting the western firmament with infinite hues; yellow, red, purple, blue, and every other colour, while a few fantastic clouds skirted the brilliant edge of the declining heavens, with figures curious, and strange to the eye unaccustomed to behold the sun set at sea.

‘After a short passage,—no matter how long it might have been,’ he added with deep emotion,—‘it would have been short with my wife and Laura, but it was very short, and would have been so considered by any sailor,—we made our destined port—it was Trieste—my wife gazed with infinite interest upon a strange

land, and longed and panted to tread once more upon solid earth. But unfortunately we were condemned to ride, upon the sea, a tedious quarantine: the Doctor of the Lazaretto ordered the yellow flag to be hoisted, though we were all healthy and robust, allowing me the privilege of going ashore for water, and extending my route unto the mountains, with a guard, to the distance of ten miles. The object of which grant was to afford me an opportunity of killing game and having fresh provisions, which I might procure by my own musket.’

Among the persons appointed by the doctor and officers of the port, to guide me, was Filippo—that self-same little Italian, who has gone for my passport—as curious a medley as ever existed. And I cannot but warmly recommend him to you when I shall have gone. He is not a bigoted papist.’

‘Dear captain,’ said I, ‘speak not against the members of the Catholic church. Besides, allow me to inform you, that “Papist” is a mere name of derision—a true American, as you are, should never use it.’

The captain looked at me with a doubtful expression—gathering from my remark that I must be a Catholic, and yet unable to conceive—strange prejudice! how an enlightened American could belong to the Catholic church.

‘I mean,’ rejoined the captain, ‘that Filippo is all to all—with me he is as much a Protestant as with a Catholic he would be a Catholic!’

‘This feature in Filippo’s character I cannot admire, captain.’

‘Well, as we do not intend entering upon a controversy on the subject,’ said my companion, ‘let us wave the subject of Filippo’s versatility of character.’

‘I am decidedly for consistency—I hold to principle, principle,’ I said.

‘At any rate,’ he observed, ‘Filippo has been faithful to me. He is a strange animal, but true to his master. He has indeed been an object of extreme amazement to me, and I have often paused from my sorrows to enjoy the antic and whimsical manner of the fellow.’

‘Well, to continue the subject,’ resumed the captain, ‘one beautiful evening I took advantage of my privilege, and went ashore with the view of returning before night to my ship with a supply of fresh provisions. The game among the mountains was numerous and fine, and I loitered in pursuit of it until very near dark. With unusual success and high spirits I hastened to take the boat—when, O Heaven! I saw the ship enveloped in flames. Judge of my despair! my wife and daughter—the boat ashore—the hands who were not with me plunged into the deep to save their own lives, reckless of the victims which they left behind them.

‘With the rapidity of lightning, we dashed towards the burning vessel; but, alas! to what purpose! I leaped aboard, and Filippo followed; I rushed amid the flames into the cabin; I shrieked aloud—and again

and again—to my wife and my Laura! my Laura! But they made no answer—I heard naught but the cracking of the fire, and the sounding of the breakers against the shore. I sprang back on the deck, I called out for Filippo, he replied from the waves: the faithful creature imagining that he had heard the shrieks of my wife, hurled himself headlong into the sea, with a hope of rescuing her. But in vain! she had sunk with Laura, deep, deep, down into the abyss which has never yet been fathomed! Filippo then seized the boat, secured himself in it, and conjured me to save myself in time. Perceiving that there was no vestige of my wife and daughter, and the night was gathering darkly and awfully around the illuminated wreck, I deemed it my duty to save my own life. I leaped into the boat, and scarcely had we attained the shore, before every spark had disappeared, and the quarter of the sea which so lately gleamed with the lurid light, was like the rest of the waters and the hills, covered with darkness!’

CHAPTER VII.

THE CAPTAIN’S STORY CONTINUED.

As the captain finished his sentence, the bells of the city began to toll the *ave Maria*. Deep, solemn and distant the sounds as they swelled from the spire of the churches and the Convents, mingled together in a peal of grandeur.

Oh there is something soothing in the night-bell, summoning before the heart's emotions scenes that once were dear. Calling up to the memory associations which plaintively appeal to the susceptibilities of the soul. *Ave, Maria*; at this sound the streets, but lately so noisy and so busy, are still and hushed. The beggar kneels on the pavement in prayer. The king, as he drives on in all the pomp and circumstance of majesty, pauses on his way to mingle his orisons with that of the medicant. 'Tis a glorious spectacle. Behold, young traveller, how religion exerts her sway over a people whom you have been taught to regard as infamous and base! Ring on ye far-off bells; give forth your deafening sounds: and as the lamps are lighted about the images of the Blessed Virgin which adorn every quarter of the city, give warning to the young and old, the great and lowly, that it is the hour for the *ave Maria*!

The captain seemed to start at the first sound that rang on his ear. I knew not at first whether it was from an apprehension that the time for the departure of the *Diligence* was too near for him to continue longer on the side of the Po; or whether it was the effect of a nervous affection under which his once hardy frame appeared now occasionally to yield.

'Do you hear that deep tolling of the Cathedral bell?' he asked. 'Hark!' distinctly,' replied my companion.

'Ah me!' sighed the captain, 'it

is like the knell for the dead!—my wife, my Laura!'

'It is to be hoped that they are resting in peace, dear captain,' said I.

'Never breathed a purer spirit than my wife's,' he exclaimed; 'and my infant—oh! she was a cherub—innocence itself.'

I felt, deeply felt for the widowed condition of the worthy captain. Few have experienced a catastrophe surrounded with such aggravated circumstances, as fell to his lot; and few can conceive how lorn was the state, how harrowed, how tortured the heart, of the gallant and hardy mariner. From what I have since learned his wife was a lady of the highest rank, and was induced by mere romance, by a singular predilection for the sailor's character, (for she had read the 'shipwreck,' and the 'Skimmer of the Seas,') to marry the captain of the *Columbina*. There was, too, something sweet in the vessel's name; and he sailed through classic waters—he had touched at the Island of Calypso, where the goddess, according to the author of *Telemaque*, 'se trouvait malheureuse d'être immortelle,' and he was besides a very handsome man, and though not polished by an elegant education, naturally acute and intelligent and well spoken. I know not whether you approve of the last epithet, good reader; if it is not classic English, it is, at least, an expressive compound.

They first met on board a man of war, where the commander cele-

brated the anniversary of the victory of Lake Erie, by a splendid ball. She was followed by a train of fashionable admirers; she was the belle of the ship; and the rough captain did not dream of approaching a nymph, around whom the gay and the elegant danced *obeissance*.

He kept himself aloof, seated in a corner with the Commadore, who had conceived an exalted idea of his honest worth; and though he actually admired her, whose grace and beauty won all hearts, he dared not even whisper his admiration to the personage by whom he sat. Yet there was at that time something winning, something romantic in his face, now so altered; and he noticed, that as she passed him; there was an expression upon her countenance which encouraged him to breathe his admiration.

‘She is the daughter,’ said the Commadore, ‘of one of the aristocrats of Virginia, very beautiful and amiable, but very proud of her family.’

The captain, who shrewdly observed her movements, asked whether he might venture to be introduced to her.

‘Certainly,’ replied the commadore; ‘any gentleman whom I invite to my cabin, is entitled to an introduction to any lady here,’ and he introduced him. From that moment there was formed a singular attachment, to the great disappointment, jealousy and envy of the beaux, who were contending for her smiles. She shed them all upon the Tar;

and the consequence was that, in a very short time after their first acquaintance they loved each other, and were united in matrimony. The fruit of their union was a daughter, the lovely little Laura.

This was the wife, the much-loved wife, whom the captain lost on that dreadful night! This was the partner of his heart, whose body, together with that of her infant, was buried amid the waves, and whose funeral pyre was the beautiful ship wrapped in flames, burnt—ruined—destroyed, in the midst of the waters.

Writhing under his misfortunes, it is easy to perceive how little disposed the captain was to examine into the habits and character of the country in which he was travelling: and yet his object was, as he himself asserted, to inform himself on those subjects. Reader, how was it possible for him, or any other person, under similar circumstances, to learn any thing of the people. Will you be surprised to hear the unfortunate captain, after his return to the United States, expatiating on the ignorance, misery, and superstition of the Italian nation.

‘There comes Filippo,’ exclaimed my companion, as the active little Cicerone hurried forward, striking his cane with an emphasis of importance upon the ground, and carrying his English hat under his arm *a la Francaise*.

‘He seems to be in a great hurry,’ said the captain; the hour for my departure must be near, and he is hastening to inform me.’

As he approached he made several profound and studied bows, saying at every bend '*servo humilissimo signor Americano.*'

'Well, Filippo,' the captain said, 'is every thing ready?'

'*Signor si,*' he replied, 'me ben consul di Francia,—*ecco de* passport,' exhibiting the signature of the French consul.

'Is it almost time to start?' he enquired.

'In *mezza hora,*' replied Filippo, pompously surveying his watch through his eye-glass, '*La Diligenza* go—time you be dare, *signor.*'

'We had better return to the Dogana at once, Captain,' said I, 'for the Diligence for Turin will start presisely at the appointed hour, which is eight o'clock; and as you are all prepared to take your departure this evening, you must not be disappointed.'

'You too, are determined, then, to quit Turin.'

'In a few days,' I returned. 'We have a visit to pay to the Abbe M'Carthy to-morrow, and we shall then fix the time of our departure.'

'Abbate M'Carthy!' repeated the Cicerone—'Abbate M'Carthy—we know him—he one *Jesuita*!'

We then began to retrace our way back to the Dogana, when the captain, surprised to hear that we intended visiting a Jesuit, asked 'whether we were aware of the character of the Jesuits?'

'Perfectly aware,' I returned.

'And yet you will venture into their convent.'

'Not into their convent, they have no convents—but into their college.'

'Are they not very bad men? I will appeal to my Cicerone. Tell us, Filippo, are the Jesuits not bad men?'

'Jesuit,' he replied—'what you want wid *Jesuit.*'

'We wish to see the Abbe M'Carthy, my good fellow,' said my companion, 'what do they say of him?'

The temporising little Cicerone hardly knew what answer to give. He suspected that we were his friends, for he had seen us conversing intimately with him; and still he knew that the *Ingesi* were mostly Protestants, and, of corse, not very much in favor of the *Jesuits*. He knew the sentements of the captain, and would not have been at a loss to answer him, but he was looking forward for our patronage, and fearful of not giving a reply which might be satisfactory to all, he cunningly evaded the question by saying, 'He live in *collegio dei nobili*, me show you de way.'

The captain smiled at the artifice, and applauded him for his ingenuity.

'We will see how, to-morrow, Filippo will eulogize the Abbe; and how feelingly he will speak in favor of the *Jesuits*, after he will have discovered that we are the admirers of that extraordinary order. This is not the place to enter into all the reasons why I admire them. But I cannot help avowing that I admire them for their virtues—I admire them for their zeal—I admire them for their learning—for their beautiful

productions in prose and verse ; and above all for the indefatigable perseverance with which they have carried the blessings of the gospel to so many, and such distant regions of the earth. With the poet may they exclaim :

‘*Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris!*
Is there a land beneath the boundless
heavens,
That hath not seen our labors ?

CHAPTER VII.

THE VETURINO. THE CAPTAIN'S DEPARTURE.

When we reached the Dogana, the *veturino*, a tall muscular, weather-beaten Italian, with a red cap on his head, high, heavy boots up to his thighs, and a tin plate dangling as a badge of distinction upon his left side, was harnessing his raw-bone horses to the *Diligence*. He seemed to hold converse with his drooping beasts—drooping while they were standing, but hardy in labor and patient in travelling.

Filippo was as busy as a bee adjusting the captain's trunks on the top of the antique carriage. It is difficult for one who has not witnessed such a scene, to imagine the noise and confusion caused by the numbers of emaciated beings who surrounded the *Diligence*, with the view of doing something to obtain a piece of silver. Voice sounds upon voice—lungs vie with lungs—and then the motions, the gesticulations, the vehemence of the disputants.

Pity the poor stranger who is surrounded on such occasions, if he have not some dictator—some Cicero—some Filippo, to aid him in the contest, and to defend him from the babel of confusion ; all rush upon him for wages ; one for having strapped the trunk, another for having assisted in placing it on a safe position, a third for having removed from the baggage room to the yard, and so forth, until the *forestiero* becomes perfectly distracted with the uproar and contention.

‘Pay them all Filippo,’ said the captain,—‘get rid of the rascals as soon as possible ; thank God, I am in the point of leaving this wretched country !—what a set.’

‘No, signor,’ answered Filippo, ‘no give all, *Sono Furbi*, dese fellow, all want *troppo*.’

‘Troppo or not,’ returned the captain jocularly, ‘pay them and be done with it,’ with which, with the generosity of an American, he scattered a handful of small pieces among them ; ‘they are a poor starving race, at any rate,’ he said, ‘heaven deliver me from them.’

How extremely rash in the captain to form an opinion of a whole nation from the jargon and litigation of the meanest and most ignorant, and strange as it may seem,

‘Are you not disgusted,’ he said, turning to me, ‘with Italy and the Italians. How lamentably have they degenerated from what their forefathers were ; how very far are they behind our Yankees in civilization and good breeding.’

Had the captain lived and visited this same place in the golden age of Augustus Cæsar, he would, in all probability, have found this same class of men as ignorant and simple as the beings of whom he complained. From whom, would he have thought *they* had degenerated. The lowest orders in eighteen hundred and forty-four, in Italy, Spain, or Portugal, are about what they were in the brightest era of their history. Notwithstanding all the light which has been diffused from pole to pole since the mis-called glorious Reformation.

As to the very low grade in which they now are in Italy, compared with the Yankees, the captain forgot that in Boston his associations were seldom, if ever, with the class corresponding with that of the 'miserable creatures' who swarmed around the *Diligence*; and he did not reflect, at the same time, that he had enjoyed no intercourse whatever with the highest orders of Italian society. I leave it to you, then, reader, prejudiced as *you* may also be against the religion and government of Italy, to say whether the captain was a proper judge of things, and whether he was in a disposition which, as a judicious person, *you* would require, to pass his criticism on the entire nation.

"——ab uno,
Disce omnes——"

From one example you may judge of all!

Every thing was now ready; the lank horses, not unlike in appearance the Rozinante of Sanco Panza, held

their heads down to the ground, as though they thought more of gasping their last, than of commencing their journey. A string of bells was hung round their necks. Rough ropes held the place of leather reins. The wheels of the *Diligence* were clogged with hard mire—the Veturino held in his right hand a huge whip, and with the left, clumsily climbed upon the horses back, exclaiming, 'Andiamo! andiamo!'

The Cathedral clock struck eight. Solemnly and slowly it told the hour, swinging its melancholy tones across the quiet river, and dying away in the distant air. The passengers were admonished to take their seats. I watched the captain closely; his large grey eye suffused with tears, which he boldly wiped away. There was a struggle, fierce and obstinate, with his emotions. He was about quitting the continent of Europe, and returning without his wife—a mourning widower—without his daughter, a heart-broken father, to his vacant house—to his devoted home; and there he would find every thing but them—every vestige of his lost ones—every sweet memorial. Oh! what a rush of thought would burst upon memory; oh! what an ocean of sorrow, as deep as that in whose abyss they lye sleeping, will roll over his spirit.

Yet strongly did he strive to suppress his anguish. Turning to Filippo, with a smile, and striking him on the shoulder,

'I recommend to you, gentlemen,' he said, 'this strange little fellow.

Would you not like to attend these Americans, Filippo ?'

'Me sorry part with *vostra signoria*,' replied the shrewd Cicerone, 'me wish go to Boston—but if you no take me. *Securamente*, me would wait on *Americani*.'

'You cannot accompany me,' answered the captain. 'I should not want you in America, nor would you be as happy there as you are here.'

'Me love *Americani*, *Padrone mio* ; but me love dem in *Italia*.'

'Well then, God bless you, take this,' presenting him a handful of *Napoleons*, 'and be faithful to these gentlemen.'

Filippo affected to be overcome with grief. He clasped his forehead. he sighed. He walked away for an instant, and just as the captain was getting into the *Diligence* he ran to him, kissed his hand over again—shed many tears, and shouted, '*adio ! adio !*'

The captain wrung my hands, and those of my companion, with a clasp of agony. 'Farewell, farewell,' he exclaimed, 'should we ever meet on the other side of the great pond, we will enjoy our rescue from this abominable country'—his deep rooted prejudices breaking forth with his heart's sad emotions !

'Adieu, dear captain,' we replied, 'adieu !'

The passports were then carefully examined by the officer, and as soon as they were returned, the veturino cracked his whip with stunning and incessant clanging—the raw-boned

horses raised their heads—and with awkward rapidity, in a full gallop, amid the tinkling of the bells around their collars, dashed in a few moments out of sight and out of hearing:

The captain, then, thought I, is gone from Turin—he has been here a fortnight ; his mind was distracted at the tragic loss of his wife, his daughter, and his Columbina ; he remained at the hotel, walked out each day to view the curiosities ; understood nothing of the language ; had a guide and interpreter in an unprincipled Cicerone, was utterly ignorant of the religion of the country ; was radically prejudiced against it ; would not take any pains to inform himself on the subject ; ridiculed what he did not understand ; laughed at processions ; amused himself with the dress of the clergy ; called the mass idolatry ; never had been introduced to an individual Italian of education or standing ; drew his conclusion regarding all from what he saw in the streets, and now he was on his way to the United States, where he would add another voice to the many, which condemned *en masse*, unconditionally, unsparingly, the Italian people, all their manners and customs, and especially all their rites and doctrines of religion !

If ever man pitied another, I sincerely pitied the magnanimous captain. Though warped by early prepossessions, he had a heart expansive and warm ; a spirit noble and sublime. He was generous, kind, persevering, true to his profession and his country. How lamentable to

behold such a one entertaining, cherishing, ideas the most erroneous on subjects of the gravest character!

'Filippo,' said I, 'you have lost a good friend.'

'*Dio mio!*' he exclaimed, 'a friend very *bravissimo*—*ha*—'

'I like you very well, my honest fellow, except that you are too capricious.'

'Too?—me *no capisco, signor.*'

'Too changeable,' said my companion.

'*Troppo vacillante,*' I added, that he might certainly understand.

'*Comme signore!*' he asked, 'how me *vacillante?*'

'*Basta:* if you promise to be honest, Filippo, we will employ you as our Cicerone.'

'Me *honesto! sicuro, me honesto,*' exclaimed, striking his heart with a

(*To be continued.*)

very expressive gesture, and strutting about the yard.

'We will remain a few days longer in Turin, then we will start for Bologna, by the way of Milan.'

'Me know *benessime* Turino, Milan, and Bologna, *signore.*'

'Well, call to-morrow at the Hotel di — and we will make our arrangements.'

'*Bene*, me be dere *alle nove* to-morrow—*vi baccio la mano, signore, adio.*'

'*Felice notte,*' he sure to come at the appointed hour. We wish to visit the Abbe M'Carthy, and we shall want you to show us the way.'

Filippo then, with extreme submission, bowed and bowed again and retired. My friend and myself repaired to our lodgings.

MOTHER, HOME, AND HEAVEN.

Sweet word! the first my infant accent fram'd
To thy blessed music, yet, my heart strings thrill;
Mother!—my bounding pulse when thou art nam'd
Attests thy undivided empire still.

How desolate the home where once around
Thy children gathered! Tears that home deplore.
Can that be home, where thou'rt no longer found!
Dear household word! for me thou art no more.

Home! mother! are there any sounds more sweet,
To soothe the soul by worldly conflicts riv'n?
Can language find another so complete?
Yes! one that comprehends them both—'tis Heaven.

United still—the object of one prayer,
Oh! be it to my supplications given,
Mother! dear mother to rejoin thee there,
And find my better home with thee in Heaven.

THE IDEAL OF A CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

The Ideal of a Christian Church, considered in comparison with existing practice. Containing a Defence of certain articles in the British Critic, in reply to remarks on them in Mr. Palmer's Narrative. By Rev. W. G. WARD, M. A., Fellow of Balloil College, Oxford. Published in London. 1844.

WHEN a large octavo volume of 600 pages, having the above title, came to our hands, we thought to find in it some visionary plan of reforming and perfecting the Christian church, which is the *easy topic* taken up almost by every body ever since the first misnamed glorious Reformation of the sixteenth century. We would have dropped the book from our hands, were it not for the observations of a learned friend, who had turned here and there some of its pages and recommended its perusal. The name of a Fellow of Balloil College, Oxford, encouraged us to undertake the tedious task, because *those fellows*, although very *accommodating*, are by no means visionary people. Very soon we were con-

vinced that the word *ideal* in the title was only used to avoid the displeasure of Protestants who perhaps would not condescend even to commence to read the work, if they would know at once that it is nothing but a complete defence of the holy Roman Catholic church, and the most clear and judicious explanation of all our practices. There is nothing *ideal* in the work; if by that word we understand a word of imagination, or the expression of a desire for an order of things not in existence. On the contrary, whatever is found in the work is established and known from the beginning of Christianity, and constantly kept in the holy Roman Catholic church. The author, far from opposing this holy church, praises it almost in every page, while he speaks with the greatest severity—next to contempt—of the Church of England, and of the Reformation, which he calls the “*sin of the sixteenth century*,” and as to the Reformers, he cannot see in them anything but heretics, calling often the Lutheran doctrine the “Lutheran heresy.”

With the exception of a few passa-

ges and the last chapter of the work, which we find somewhat objectionable, we could recommend this work to the Roman Catholics* as one of the most learned and pious, for indeed there are many very edifying passages, and many also which prove that the author has a profound knowledge of the subject of which he treats. His correspondence with several of the most learned theologians of the Catholic church on the continent has furnished him with an abundant, I may say select stock of facts, rules and doctrines, which he uses with great judgment, clearness and correctness.

In the very preface he gives us the idea of the plan he intends to realise in his work, by saying, "the principles which I have labored to establish are such as these—that careful and individual moral discipline is the only possible basis on which Christian faith and practice can be reared—that our church at present performs this duty with deplorable inadequacy, or rather makes no attempt to perform it—that in consequence, our standard of holiness and also our average of Christian attainment are *miserrably* low, and our belief even in such truth as our blessed Lord's divinity, very far less firmly rooted than we are apt to think—that to remedy these defects is an object of so much magnitude, as to offer the fullest scope for all our energies—that to act hear-

tily and unsuspiciously on our points of agreement is the sure mode of arriving at agreement on matters which are now points of difference."

Our readers may think of the nature of the work and the sublime idea that its author entertains of the Catholic church from the two following passages, one in relation to Protestantism, and the other to the Roman Catholic church, which we find in the very first chapter of this extraordinary production :

"Protestantism accordingly being intellectually 'the subtlest and most extensively poisonous' of heresies, just as Lutheranism is morally,* has opened questions of even far deeper interest and moment than any previous extravagance."

"In some men, according to the old division, the irascible, in others, the concupiscible part of their nature predominates. Set before men of the former class a high aim and a stern rule, they lack little else ; they devote themselves with a deep and self-forgetting earnestness to the task, and press sturdily and resolutely onward. The latter class is far more liable to be assailed by temptation, drawn back by sloth, cowed by want of sympathy, repelled by opposition, allured by those outward objects which tend in an opposite direction. No one can call men of this character more exalted and virtuous than the former—rather the reverse—yet it is these, and not the others, who will especially desiderate such a protection against self, as would be provided by a habit of periodical and regular *confession to a priest or occasional retirements* from the world, with an appointed round of prayer and meditation, it is these again and not

* We recognise no Catholics but Roman, however, in order to be understood as to the work we review, it is expedient to express our ideas in a clear manner by saying Roman Catholics.

* British Critic, No. lxx. P. 135.

the others, who will be so sensible of a deficiency, should it exist in that varied and majestic ceremonial, which the church *in her deep wisdom* has devised that she may encounter and overcome the world with the world's own weapons, and draw her children only the more closely to their and her Lord, by those addresses to the eye and ear which are felt to be so ravishing and transporting." Chap. i. p. 6.

In the above extract, leaving aside the doctrine as to classification of temper, which the reader may find more or less acceptable, according to his judgment on the subject, it is evident that our author plainly admits the doctrine of confession, and the wisdom of the church in making use of sensible means in order to move our hearts and direct our minds. He defends, indeed, the impressive ceremonies and rites of the Catholic church, and blames at once its opponents for their injudicious and properly anti-philosophical attacks. We shall yet gratify our readers with a few more very interesting extracts from this praiseworthy work.

"The Protestant and Infidel philosophers have had full scope to exhibit themselves; and the miserable issue to which they are attending, is displayed, with more or less distinctness, to numbers who have been nurtured in them, or have been seduced by their show of wisdom and depth. The eyes of men seem turned in a certain inexplicable manner towards the Catholic church, as though expecting some unknown good to come from her bosom, to help us in our present extremity of both social and speculative perplexity." Page 42.

Again:

"I can perfectly understand then, that a deeply religious person may, under present circumstances, entertain the most serious and anxious doubts whether he be not in duty bound at once to join the Roman church. But I *cannot* understand that a religious person should for any length of time doubt that if he do remain in our church, he must remain as her faithful and attached son; not standing, as it were, with one foot in England and another in Rome, but devoting himself with undivided loyalty to his immediate mother. And if he be asked what definite meaning can be attached to these words, let us for example sake, take such particulars as the following. He will fix his affections immediately on the church wherein God has placed him, and only through that on the great Catholic community throughout the world, the English church will be to him the visible embodiment of his Lord's presence." Page 67.

No doubt our readers will lament with us the awful position of the author's mind, for he paints his own image in the above paragraph, he desires that an effort should be made by a member of the English church to forget that Roman Catholic church he has previously described as the refuge against Protestant and Infidel philosophers, and he desires that the man should remain without the least uneasiness believing that God has blessed him in a church inimical to that holy one which he has so properly praised. How can this be? human reason refuses to think so, and the human heart revolts at the feeling of sending up to God the ejaculations of love through a channel which he

has not established—through a channel which the author himself in several places of this extraordinary work points out as the conductor of misery, error, and impiety. How can he himself rest with any tranquillity in that church when towards the end of his work he wrote the following :

“ If high church principles may be really substantive and distinct, what possible danger can there be in heartily and ungrudgingly carrying them forward in their results ? and if they be not substantive who could grieve that this fact should be established by means of a fair trial ? For my own part, I think it would not be right to conceal, indeed I am anxious to openly express my own firm and undoubting conviction, that were we, as a church, to pursue such a line of conduct, as has been here sketched, in proportion as we did so, we should be taught from above to discern and appreciate the plain marks of Divine wisdom and *authority* in the Roman church, to repent in sorrow and bitterness of heart our *great sin* in deserting her communion, and to sue humbly at her feet for *pardon* and restoration.” Page 473.

And the author still remains a member of the English church, he does not step forward to join the Roman church, he does not appreciate the plain marks of Divine wisdom, he does repent, we hope, but he does not dare to sue humbly at her feet for pardon and restoration. Who does not see the evident conflict of grace and corrupted nature, and who will not expect from the mercy of God, that the former will banish the clouds raised up by the latter, and from a stone a church of Abraham

will be produced, according to the Divine word ! It is impossible to conceive how even piety often serves to error, and how the most eminent works of men are stained as it were at the contact of a nature defiled by original sin. Having before us the work of the Rev. Mr. Ward, after extracting the above paragraph, turning here and there its very interesting pages, and finding in every part evident marks of the profound knowledge and good heart of the writer, observing his efforts to show that he is by no means pleased with his church, but at the same time, that he would not confess himself a Roman Catholic, we cannot but conclude, that he is not a subject for conviction, but only for prayers, that the Lord will grant him a powerful grace, that will break at once the chains of his habits, and set him free to enter with canticles, that magnificent church he loves so much, but dares not to confess. There is a lamentable fascination among several of the members of the English church, much more so among the Puseyites, namely, that *prudence* requires that we should not *advance the times*, as if it were, but patiently wait till divine Providence will bring them before us, and that in the mean time, we should rest tranquil in perfect obedience with that sublime virtue that regulates all the rest. Oh ! what a fascination—what abuse of the word *prudence*, and what an insidious attack to that sublime virtue ? When the Divine truth is before us, every moment of delay to embrace it is a crime before God, and

there can be no prudence in the separation from him ! Religion is not a human work, so as to put up with a bad one for a while, in the hope of obtaining a genuine one, and to bring it to such principles is to destroy it altogether, and to show the greatest ingratitude to our heavenly Father, who in his infinite mercy has manifested to us his divine will. When he calls us, our duty is to start, and a single instant of delay is a treason to his banner—the ministers of the Church of England who think as the Rev. Mr. Ward (and indeed they are many) will not think it, we hope, any disrespect to their talents and upright character, if we openly say that they are not in a *right* conscience, though some may be in a *good* one, through the fascination of their mind, and as their ignorance is not *invincible*, they are accountable before God, for their apathy in the promotion of a cause which they in their own conscience know to be divine. Let not the word *prudence* fascinate them any longer, let them give to their conduct its proper name, let them call it—culpable, lamentable indolence.

We now will present some specimens of the many interesting passages of this work in regard to the Reformation, and our readers will perceive that the author is convinced in every respect of the unholy origin of his church, at least what he calls his church, for we scarcely can bring ourselves to believe that he

considers himself a true member of it, except in the outward discipline, and in the admission of those doctrines that she received from the Roman Catholic Church :

“ But in England I cannot find that among the leaders, at least of the Reformation, there was even the allegation that some doctrine in the ancient theology was at variance with spiritual truths, which they deeply cherished and prized. They objected indeed to the prevalent corruptions ; but even against these I can find no trace whatever of that single-minded, honest indignation which animated him, i. e. Luther, and their real grounds of offence seem to have been mainly of a political order, such as the interferences (often, I dare say, very vexatious) of a foreign court with English ecclesiastical arrangements. *Ibid.*, chap. 2. p. 45.

“ And to speak plainly, believing as I most firmly do, that ever since the schism of the sixteenth century the English church has been swayed by a spirit of arrogance, self contentment and self complacency, resembling rather an infatuation than the imbecility of ordinary pride, which has stifled her energies, crippled her resources, frustrated all the efforts of her most faithful children to raise her from her existing degradation.—*Ibid.*, chap. 2. p. 55.”

As the nature of our paper does not allow us to expatiate much on one subject, we are constrained to interrupt the present, which we shall follow in our next, showing what we may call the principle of the author, which is the source of his lamentable fascination.

V.

CATHOLIC COUNTRIES DESCRIBED BY PROTESTANT TRAVELLERS.

PORTUGAL.

AMONGST the ten thousand sources from which prejudice is imbibed against the ancient religion of the kingdom, none is more prolific of evil than the reports of Protestant travellers who have vided Catholic countries. In each successive volume the stale jest is resuscitated; the filthy anecdote is repeated with aggravated indecency for the hundredth time; and a hardened emulation seems excited to see who can cater most industriously for the vitiated appetite of diseased minds. Since the peace the race who travel has received fearful additions. From the plethoric alderman to the consumptive spinster every one now takes a trip with equal facility across the straits of Dover, or across the Atlantic: the press teems with remarks upon South America; but the more ambitious confine their strictures to lands consecrated by classical recollections. Though their political views are of course very dissimilar, a strange unanimity prevail on the subjects of religion: Catholicism is very offensive to Pro-

testant senses; and the traveller takes for granted that however questionable the other matter may be, he runs no risk of being suspected of disingenuity on polemical subjects provided he sneers at popery; it is, as Sterne said, his Cheshire cheese—economical and acceptable—never refused, and costs but little.

The effect of repetition is always certain; a constant drip will wear the hardest flint; and the unremitting misrepresentations of Protestant travellers have done immense injury to the cause of truth and liberality. This of course arises, in a great measure, from the prejudices of those for whom they write; what they *hear* not what they *see* does the mischief; and the periodical press is certain in its selections to prefer hearsay scandal to things better authenticated: with the perverted palate of certain animals Protestant editors seem to relish only the tainted parts of modern books of travel. The public are thus abused; ancient prejudices are confirmed, or dormant feelings of dislike aroused; the pious

are alarmed, and youthful minds receive a bias which the reflection of manhood may not be able to remove. To counteract this as far as in us lies, we purpose following Protestant travellers through all the Catholic kingdoms of the earth; and in separating the wonders—for travellers are privileged to see strange sights—which they *saw* from the wonders of which they only *heard*, we are greatly mistaken if we do not prove by their own testimony that the Catholic religion has every where, under the worst and under the best governments, produced the most astonishing and most beneficial effects. In doing this we shall refer in general to the most bigoted of Protestant travellers; but we must be permitted to contrast them with each other, and leave the reader to determine who is most worthy of credit. If this series of articles should fail to disabuse Protestants of their prejudices, they will, at least furnish Catholics with unexceptionable proofs and arguments against the silly assumptions of modern fanatics.

Portugal having recently attracted much attention we shall begin with it. Our readers must have heard of it as the land of assassins—of priestcraft—the vilest superstition—and of the grossest immorality. The Portuguese have been uniformly described as the most depraved of men, and their priests as the vilest of hypocrites. The works of two modern travellers, “Lisbon in 1821–2–3,” and “Sketches of Portuguese Life,” lie before us, in every page of which

these foul epithets occur. The first work is the production of a lady, Mrs. Baillie, the wife of an accredited agent of the British government, and the other is from the pen of one of the most unprincipled libellers that ever undertook to calumniate an unfortunate people. His work is disfigured by the worst species of caricatures. In the frontispiece a bloated monk is exhibited in a lascivious attitude with a young woman in the public street. To these volumes we shall add another, “Sketches of the Peninsula.” The author, Mr. Huggins, is a Protestant, a man of talent and a gentleman. These works have been highly praised by the literary censors of the day.

Whatever may be the present condition of the Portuguese, it cannot be denied that they were once brave, virtuous, and enterprising. The days of Vasco de Gama are not forgotten; and yet, when they ventured in search of new worlds upon an unexplored ocean—when the Cape was doubled and America discovered,* they were Catholics! Then, as now, they held fast the ancient faith; and had monks and nuns comparatively as numerous as at the present day. Their religion actually stimulated them to new enterprises: they were anxious to convey the saving truth to the inhabitants of the most distant regions; and if at a subsequent time

* The continent of South America was discovered by a Portuguese while Columbus was prosecuting his research among the West India Islands. — See *Washington Irving's Life of Columbus*.

the spirit of avarice supplanted the spirit of the gospel, there can be no doubt that the brave men who daringly went in quest of supposed lands were actuated by the purest and the holiest motives.† At all events they were sincere Catholics; and this fact and the events and times associated with it prove that if the Portuguese be degraded and immoral their religion cannot be the cause. They now kneel before the altar which was knelt at by those great men who elevated the mind of Europe, and gave to science a tone and an importance which was unknown in the boasted times of Paganism.

But are the Portuguese a degraded—an immoral people? Has not this been too inconsiderately taken for granted? Even those who visited and made the charge have borne unequivocal testimony to the contrary;

† Washington Irving, speaking of Columbus, says:—"He was devoutly pious; religion mingled with the whole course of his thoughts and actions, and shines forth in all his most private and unstudied writings. Whenever he made any great discovery he celebrated it by solemn thanks to God. The voice of prayer and melody of praise rose from his ships when he first beheld the New World, and his first action on landing was to prostrate himself upon the earth, and return thanksgiving. Every evening the *Salve Regina* and other vesper hymns were chaunted by his crew, and masses were performed in the beautiful groves that bordered the wild shores of this heathen land. The religion thus deeply seated in the soul diffused a sober dignity and a benign composure over his whole demeanour." Were Columbus and his hardy followers less brave for being pious Catholics?

and to them we are about to appeal.

A traveller, who, like the fabled monkey, had seen a great part of the world, was mightily pleased with "Modern Babylon," and would have liked it as a place of residence, only it furnished him with no *blubber*! The absence of that delicious dish threw a shadow over even Bond Street, and he sighed for that happy land where the art of cookery was less artificial, and a feast more primitive and substantial. The northern stranger was not a whit more fastidious than most of our modern travellers; the absence of things as inconsiderable as blubber provokes their spleen—the bile boils over, and they in fits of poetical melancholy pronounce all barren. The metropolis of France and the sunny towns of Italy have failed to give satisfaction; and of course Lisbon has been regarded with horror and disgust. Those who escape the assassin's knife are engulfed in filth, or poisoned with perfumes of garlic emitted from the filthy lungs of immoveable mendicants. Now we dare say the police of Lisbon has not been the best in the world; too much, no doubt, has been left to the quadrupeds which perform the office of scavengers; and we dare say the appearance of a Lisbon beggar is repulsive enough. We manage these things better at home; we lock up obtrusive poverty in sightly bastilles which we denominate poorhouses; and we diminish the civic burdens by disposing of the street ordure by contract. The charity of the Portuguese, however,

is not compulsory ; and their favored fields need not the stimulant of decomposed vegetable matter. A century since and London was as dirty as Lisbon is now, many of its streets were unpaved in the middle of the sixteenth century ; and, were it not for poor laws, perhaps English mendicants would be more importunate than the children of want in Lisbon. It is not fair to institute a comparison between both cities ; Lisbon lies under serious disadvantages ; still it is not deficient in those things which interest an impartial stranger ; but strangers, if they be English, are proverbially difficult to please. The author of "Recollections of the Peninsula" was not one of these ; he saw much to admire, but his companions were differently impressed. "At our dinner," he says, which was served at an hotel kept by a Frenchman, "I found some of our party had been very differently impressed with the morning's ramble to what I had been. They drew comparisons between London and Lisbon exultingly, without reflecting that it was impossible to do this fairly. Where I had been struck by the fine appearance of some public building, or private palace, they had only seen the heaps of dirt lying near the portals ; where I had gazed, with pleasure, on some diversified groups of market peasantry, in their national costume, they had discovered a squalid beggar mingling in the crowd ;—while I had seen some expressive face, leaning over a balcony, on one side of the street, and had inhaled the

perfume of some rich and powerful exotics, they, on the other, had encountered a fishwoman frying Sardinias at her stall, or been saluted by some unfortunate puff of air, impregnated with garlic :—with such different eyes do men look upon the same scenes."

We have all heard of the gross bigotry of the Portuguese, and their habitual abhorrence of heretics, which Protestants are pleased to call themselves. Their prejudices, however, if they had such, did not prevent them from treating with hospitality the British soldiers on their first arrival. "Rich and poor,," says our author, "the clergy and laity, the fidalgo and the peasant, all expressed an eagerness to serve, and a readiness to honour us. In these early marches the villa, the monastery, and the cottage were thrown open at the approach of our troops ; the best apartments, the neatest cells, the humble but clean beds, were all resigned to the march-worn officers and men, with undisguised cheerfulness. It is with pain I am compelled to confess, that the manners of my strange, but well-meaning, countrymen soon wrought a change in the kind dispositions of this people. When they saw many assume as a right all which they had accorded from politeness, and receive their respectful attentions and cordial services as expressions of homage, due to the courage, wealth, and power of the British nation ;—when the simplicity of their manners, their frugality, the spareness of their diet,

the peculiarities of their dress, and, their *religious prejudices were made the subjects of derision and ridicule!*—when they witnessed scenes of brutal intoxication, and were occasionally exposed to vulgar insult, from uneducated and overbearing Englishmen;—when, I say, all this occurred, they began to examine our individual titles to their esteem; they were often, very soon disenchanted; and the spirit which we had awakened in them, manifested itself in various acts of neglect, rudeness, and even resentment.”

Mrs. Baillie, however, thinks differently; she *heard* a great deal on her arrival in Lisbon; and, having been a month there, she says: “I have as yet had no opportunity of forming any individual judgment respecting the modes and morals of the higher classes of society; and the *answers* I receive upon *inquiry* into these circumstances are so unfavourable, that I feel considerable reluctance to believe the half of what I hear.” Appearances, however, were against her conclusion, for she adds, “It is an undoubted truth that the decency and decorum of outward appearances are always sedulously preserved, much more so than in our own country, and this from the *highest to the lowest* orders of people, even in the worst haunts of Lisbon little external mark of depravity or even impropriety is ever visible!” Her inference from this is quite philosophical. “For my own part,” she says, “I fear that it evinces a great proficiency in the art of decep-

tion!” Thus it is ever with Protestants when judging of their Catholic brethren. What is heard to their disadvantage is taken for granted; when appearances belie the accusation they are charged with hypocrisy. Those, however, who know any thing of human nature must be aware that the habitually vicious are regardless of appearance; and that where a constant homage is paid by every one to virtue the mass of the people cannot possibly be immoral. Decency of appearance and propriety of action have never been considered as indications of depravity.

Whatever be the faults of the Portuguese nobility fashionable vices are, not among the number. Their in-ertness, false pride, and comparative ignorance arise from circumstances into which we shall by-and-by inquire; but if under evils which have impaired the morality of the aristocracy elsewhere we still find them in the possession of many amiable qualities, and all the domestic virtues—if we find them temperate and humane, we suppose no one will be ready to impeach the religion they profess as tending to impair those moral influences which are so useful to the best interests of individuals and society. We have heard much of the arrogance of the Fidalgos; it does not, however, display itself in the treatment of their inferiors, and is not, therefore, we should suppose, quite intolerable. “The extreme familiarity,” says Mrs. Baillie, “of this people with their domestics strikes an English person at first

sight in a forcible manner ; and it is somewhat difficult to reconcile such a mode of conduct with their inherent arrogance of birth. In the present state of society in England, a similar behaviour would be attended with considerable inconvenience ; yet I certainly think that even there greater benevolence and kindness of manner between master and servant would be more consonant to the dictates of liberal policy, and true Christianity." This conduct has no very bad effects upon the servants. Mrs. Baillie's testimony on this point is worth something. Her work is filled with the calumnies which she *heard*, and teems with evidence of the most amiable traits which she had personally witnessed.

"I ought, in justice, to remark, that the servants in this country, however indolent and dirty in their habits, are, when kindly treated, far more apt to be attached, than those in England ; they are more grateful in their feelings, and humble in their manners towards their employers, and although they require to be *told* their business upon all occasions, they seldom refuse to do what you desire. Marianna, the person in question, is a good specimen of her country women in this respect, and we have reason to be satisfied with the goodwill and obedience of all the rest. My English maid forms a disgraceful contrast ; her airs of sulky importance, and her singular want of feeling make my life quite uncomfortable. I have been assured that the Portu-

guese servants are deceitful, but when I see ours anxious to express their regard, and when the females among them shed tears over my pillow of occasional sickness, I find it painful to believe in the reality of the charge. The lower classes are invariably fond of children, and it is quite an extraordinary circumstance when any instance to the contrary takes place. They quite spoil my boy amongst them, and it was only a few days ago, that upon his being missed from the house, I at last discovered him, seated upon the lap of a peasant, by the side of a tank, where she had been washing linen, partaking of by no means the smallest share of her hard-earned meal. At another time I found him listening to stories related by an old soldier from the tower of Belem, as he lay contentedly in his arms, nestling his little head in the bosom of the veteran. Our major domo (an elderly Spaniard of inflexible gravity) is as much bewitched by infantine influence as any of them ; his great delight is to walk out with the child in the cool of the evening, and to be permitted to take him as a companion when he goes to mass at any of the adjacent convents. There he has often been seen, kneeling behind a pillar in the chapel, with his arm round the little one, who with a countenance of innocent solemnity, observed and imitated every devotional movement."

And again,

"Do not imagine, from what I

have just said relative to St. Killercure, that the Portuguese are careless or brutal nurses of the sick ; on the contrary, I have, as far as my own experience reaches, repeatedly had reason to admire their extraordinary compassion and ready skill upon these occasions. The women are acquainted with a thousand little alleviations, which sometimes even amount to remedies, in common cases of pain or indisposition ; and their knowledge of the healing properties of various herbs and plants is more universal than it is with us ; the use of outward applications is far more general in Portugal than in England, and their simple recipes are almost all drawn from the vegetable rather than the mineral kingdom. I must acknowledge, that the simplicity of the prescriptions in common use among the old wives of the people, has a peculiar charm for my fancy, and I am not sure that I would not rather trust my life to these, aided by the tender nursing of the Portuguese peasantry, than to the more learned nostrums of the faculty.

“ They are a kind-hearted people, and I shall never forget the vows to the virgin, which were audibly breathed in my behalf ; nor the earnest simplicity of my nurse, ‘ the Senhora Maria de Felicidade Perpetua,’ (Mrs. Maria of Eternal Flicity,) in invoking a leaden image of St. Simon to restore me to health ; nor the various auguries of an affectionate superstition, which were drawn from every action of my little daughter.”

The poor woman did not invoke the leaden image, she simply begged the intercession of the saint which it represented. There is about these people a patriarchal simplicity which those who are devoid of prejudices will not fail to admire. We cannot possibly believe the gentry to be inhuman and irreligious, when one, who was eager to speak to their disadvantage, draws the following picture :

“ The number of domestics,” says Mrs. Baillie, “ retained in the service of the nobility, from generation to generation, is quite incredible ; a fidalgo in this vicinity supports no less than eighty in-door servants ; in consequence of which he is constantly poor and embarrassed. My friend has at this time four servants sick in bed, two of whom are so old that they have not been able to perform the smallest service for the last six years—five of her retainers are married, and each of them have a child or children every year, all of whom live under the roof, and at the sole expense of the mistress of the house, from the moment of their birth, until they either settle in the world (by some fortunate chance, which does not often occur,) or die in the service of the family ; she has altogether forty-five domestics, eight of whom are *femmes de chambres*, in her Lisbon home ; without mentioning those who remain upon the establishment at her principal country residence. They are each fed, like soldiers, by rations, and sleep either upon the floor, or on straw mattresses hard as

iron. The females are crowded together in sects, distinct from the quarter allotted to the men ; nothing, indeed, can be more unceremonious than the sleeping accommodations for servants of both sexes, even in the families of the richest persons."

Their unceremonious manner of sleeping is a tacit proof of the purity of their sentiments. Depraved minds would naturally evince a suspicion which would display itself in a greater propriety of arrangement. There appears to be very little foundation for the charge of inconstancy so positively made against the higher classes of Lisbon. In so large a city there must be much vice ; but, compared with places of similar extent, it does not appear to be under considerable disadvantage. Mrs. Baillie bears testimony to the general propriety of demeanor which characterises every class ; and the author of "Sketches of Portugal" states a *fact* which repels the charge of female inconstancy.

"In families," he proceeds, "not noble, the division of property on the death of the parent is equal. But, with the *fidalgos*, the case is much the same as in our own country, where property is entailed. The eldest son, called the *morgado*, inherits the whole ; and all the others are dependent on him. The nature of the Portuguese renders this less hard and more supportable than among us ; for no people are so distinguished for fraternal affection as they are. Indeed, they cherish to

perfection every feeling connected with consanguinity.

"A war of such long duration as the last, and the consequent contact with strangers whose manners and customs are so different, has naturally been productive of considerable change in the Portuguese customs, and perhaps not much to their advantage. But in the old families who adhere pertinaciously to ancient usage, and who are denominated even by themselves '*pes de boi*,' bullock's feet, from their slow movements even towards improvement, when sons or daughters of any age come into a room, however full of company it may be, they walk up in the first place to their father and mother, and, kneeling down, receive their blessing ; after which they hasten to salute the company, who, far from looking upon them as foolishly old-fashioned, highly approve of this demonstration of filial piety."

We shall now take a view of religion in Portugal. Nothing calculated to convey an idea of irreligion is to be met with, nothing which indicates presumption, or indifference to Christian duties, ever presents itself. "One custom, says the author of "*Reollections of the Peninsula*," "of this, and, I believe, all Catholic countries, delighted me : at all hours the gates of the churches stand open, and in them, at all hours, may be seen some individuals pouring forth their hearts in prayer at the shrines of their respective saints. In the hour of affliction, distress, or terror,

hither they come, and here, protected and assisted by the holiness and solemnity of the place, they repose their sorrows and their fears in the bosom of their God, and invoke his mercy and forgiveness. How many a prostrate penitent have I seen, too much absorbed in his devotions to cast one hasty glance of curiosity around him, disturbed as he must have been by my approach! Oh! there are, I believe, moments in the life of every man, when to fly to a consecrated temple, and to throw himself at the foot of the altar, unsummoned by any bell for prayers, but urged solely by the tone of his mind, and the overflowing of his heart, must be felt as a pure and a holy pleasure." Elsewhere he says: "The attendance on public worship throughout Spain and Portugal is extremely regular, and no occupation, or manner of life, is suffered to interfere with this sacred duty. To mass go the muleteers before they load their train; and from the door of the chapel the peasants sally forth to their daily labors." The common libeller of the country is constrained to give similar evidence.

"The Portuguese observe many little customs, trifling in themselves, but calculated to promote a tendency to devotion, and a continual feeling of gratitude to the Supreme Being. For instance, in the morning early, just as day begins to peep, the bells toll three distinct strokes, which in the convents are a summons to matins; and laborers on their way to

their occupations invariably uncover themselves at this signal (called by them 'as Trindades,') make the sign of the cross upon their breasts, and then pour forth a brief but earnest prayer. At mid-day, the same signal is given; and people of all classes in the streets uncover themselves, make the sign of the cross, and pray. The same custom is observed also at sunset, when thanksgivings are offered up for preservation during the day: this latter knell is termed the Ave Marias. However interesting the conversation in which they may have been engaged, it is immediately suspended at this invitation to prayer."

Religious processions and the celebration of certain holydays have furnished ample food for the profane. But those who ridicule such things forget that the observance of "no popery" festivals is enjoined in the Book of Common Prayer; and, while they condemn those who endeavor to recall, in the most forcible manner, to the popular mind the great events of gospel history, they do not hesitate to swell by their presence the pomp of civic and state ceremonies. Mr. Huggins could see nothing reprehensible in this Catholic practice.

"Here," (at Lisbon) he says, "the natal day of our Saviour is ushered in with all the peculiarities and pomp of Catholic worship. The music, the incense, the innumerable lights, the delighted devotion of the kneeling multitudes, and the loud and swelling hymns, which close the cere-

mony of this midnight mass, produce an effect, which acts too powerfully on the senses. The more I see of the Roman Catholic religion, the less am I surprised, that the people of southern Europe, who are certainly both impassioned and imaginative, should attach themselves to a church, the forms and ceremonies of which, addressing both the senses and the fancy, make, to them, the attendance on public worship a business of pleasure, as well as of duty. The scenic representations of Gospel history, which on high fasts and festivals are to be met with in almost all the churches of the Peninsula, however ridiculous they may appear, are not without their use; for to them (most inadequate, I admit, to their purpose) the poorer classes are, nevertheless, indebted for much of the instruction they receive, concerning the life and miracles of the divine Founder of our blessed faith."

Monks and nuns are uniformly considered by Protestant writers as fair game; they are, in their estimation, voluptuaries and libertines, and in Portugal are, of course, the most abandoned of mortals. We dare say in a community so numerous many are to be found irregular, but we have never met an author who vouched for the fact, it was all hearsay. Such of our Protestant travellers as have come in personal contact with monks and nuns speak highly of their kindness and good qualities. Mrs. Bailie does not form an exception.—Speaking of the canoness of a con-

vent near Campo St. Anna, she says:

"The sister of Countess A. is one of this order, and in her apartments we drank tea, in the ancient social fashion of England, the fair canoness presiding at the tea table, attended by her two female domestics in the costume of the convent. She gave us a variety of excellent cakes, made by herself, (all the religiosas possessing this useful talent,) and did the honors of her cell with much grace and politeness; after tea, we entered the choir of the church, where several of the lady canonesses were at devotion in sweeping garments of fine white wool, which, worn over the usual black robes of their order, and flowing in ample drapery around them, gave a dignified effect to the figure. Here we knelt in silence and humility, upon the cold marble pavement, for a few moments, in company with a crowd of the most distinguished families in Lisbon, whom we there found assembled, many of whom had brought their young children with them, some not more than two or three years of age. The high altar was splendidly illuminated, the rest of the church being left in perfect obscurity. Notwithstanding the difference of my religion, I could not forbear thinking, that the bright altar thus visible from afar, and partially revealed through the screen which divided it from the kneeling assembly, was a striking and noble type of that heavenly sanctuary, to which the eye of faith is constantly directed,

in the midst of the gloom and darkness of a fallen world." * * *

"Here, as well as at the convent of the Visitandines, I was much impressed by the amiable character of the Countess A. She had evidently inspired every member of the community with a sentiment of the tenderest regard. All shared in her benevolent and affectionate attentions, even to the servants and pensioners upon charity, who crowded around the gates. In crossing one of the quadrangles, we met a woman, bending under the accumulated burden of years, poverty and infirmity, whose wretched comrade had fallen from her shoulders, in the hurry of saluting the countess; the latter took it from the ground, and gently replacing it upon her humble friend, kindly embraced her, and passed on, followed by many an audible benediction. The whole action was the work of a moment, and was done with the utmost simplicity, as an ordinary tribute of attention to the claims of helpless age; if this be the custom of the Romish church, it is a good one, prompted by right feeling, and so truly Christian, that we could hardly err in its adoption."

When we come to speak of Spain, we shall indulge ourselves with a few additional remarks on nuns and monks. At present we shall content ourselves with a brief extract from "Recollections of the Peninsula."

"This (Convent of St. Vincent) was the first convent I had ever seen;

nor could I find it in my heart to apply to its inmates the contemptuous epithets with which they are too often branded. While I regret that any government, or religion, should condemn so many of its members to a life of cheerless celibacy and useless devotion, I am far from despising, or even blaming, the unhappy victims of ecclesiastical policy and pride: for, believe me, the discipline of the wealthiest orders is sufficiently austere to shut out all those enjoyments of life which are so generally and so highly prized; and there are few, if any of us, who rail at monks, who could consent, even from a sense of duty, to lead the insipid and wearisome lives of those unhappy men."

Before quitting Lisbon perhaps we ought to notice the charitable disposition of the people.

"In the southern countries of Europe," says the author of the 'Recollections,' "openly professing the Roman Catholic religion, the giving of alms is considered an imperative duty; and, according to their means, all persons supply the wants of the necessitous. From the gates of the convents, from the kitchens of the wealthy, food is daily distributed to a certain number of mendicants; and there is no person, however humble his condition, if it be above want, who does not give a something in charity, every day of his life. Hence, secure of the means to support their wretched existence, they betake themselves daily to their respective

stations, await the summons from the porter of the monastery, or the palace, and thankfully receive the small coin of the casual passenger. It is true, that such scenes are painful; but we must learn the cause of them, before we abuse the nation, by which they are presented. Without poor laws, or poor rates, without work-houses, or any parish institutions, these beggars are, of necessity, exposed to public view, and supported in the eye of day. The numbers of those who subsist on public charity in Portugal, as compared even with our own country, would not be found so great as we might at first imagine; and, indeed, in their mild climate, and with their peculiar habits, these unfortunate paupers might, after all, gain little in real happiness by the introduction of poor houses and parish officers."

The author of "Sketches of Portugal" confirms this statement.

"The Portuguese," he says "are exceedingly charitable in a small way. In the course of the day they give to a number of beggars; the gift seldom exceeding a five reis bit, which is rather less than a half-penny. If, however, they are not inclined to give anything, their manner is exceedingly humane towards the petitioner, and calculated to reconcile him to his disappointment, as they move their hats saying, 'Deos o favorece irmaozinho.' 'God favor you my brother,' upon which the beggar replies, 'Seja pelo amor de Deos.' 'Be it

for the love of God,' and continues his way."

We shall now quit the metropolis, which is not exactly the place to seek the characteristic features of the people, and proceed to the country. Here we find an almost total absence of those agricultural improvements which distinguish our times; and a feebleness in the executive which might be supposed to superinduce crime; but religion—his calumniated religion—has preserved the Portuguese peasant from the contagion of vice—it has amply atoned for the want of good laws, and given him, notwithstanding his poverty, an elevation of sentiment not discoverable amongst a people who boast the possession of that civil liberty which is a stranger in Portugal. Evidences of this fact are abundant in the works to which we have already referred, but the length to which this article has extended warns us to be brief in our extracts. We shall, however, try to give the substance of that with which they abound. Mrs. Baillie is really eloquent in praise of the amiable manners of the rustics. "The peasantry," she observes, "seem remarkably civil in their manner to those above them, without any exhibition of crouching servility." In some of their habits is a patriarchal simplicity and cordiality which is very attaching. Their honesty is proverbial: Mrs. Baillie says:—

"The general honesty of the inhabitants of Cintra deserves mention;

we are assured by persons who have resided forty years here, that an instance of housebreaking has not been known among them, and the inhabitants of the surrounding quintas hardly think it necessary to fasten their doors at night.

"I delight in the peasantry here; they are really a fine race of people, and, if I understood their language sufficiently to converse with them, I have no doubt but I should think them almost as engaging as those of France. I must not forget to mention my daily attendant in all my rides, a lad about twelve or thirteen; poor fellow! nothing can exceed his readiness to oblige and amuse me by every little method in his power; pointing out, with a faithful accuracy of taste, which, I should think, must in him be *intuitive*, the finest views and the most picturesque objects; stopping frequently on a sudden to make me observe a larger cork-tree than usual, a prettier quinta, or a more luxuriant hedge of myrtle or geranium."

The author of "Sketches of the Peninsula" is still more loud in his commendation of the peasantry. He says,

"The Saloios are a very fine race of men, active, athletic, and, generally speaking, well made. The whole aspect of a Portuguese peasant is manly in the highest degree; and his dress at once graceful and appropriate to his condition in life, is always characteristic, and never varied by

that awkward mixture with costume of other classes, which gives to our laboring people so unpicturesque and heterogeneous an appearance.

"The charge of indolence and slothfulness has been indiscriminately laid against the whole of the people of Portugal, by persons who have precipitately drawn their conclusions from the samples of the lower orders seen in Lisbon; but any one of common judgment ought to be aware, that the meagre and bloated inhabitants of a capital can never offer a just criterion whereby to form an accurate idea of the physical or moral peculiarities of any nation.

"The Portuguese peasantry may justly repel the charge of indolence, for their distinguishing characteristics are industry, patience under privation, intrepidity, and courage. They only stand in need of a government calculated to call forth in a greater degree their natural good qualities.

"The Saloios, or peasant women, are generally of a stature rather taller than the female inhabitants of the towns; there complexions are like those of the men, of a healthy dark color, but not sallow or swarthy. They have exceedingly fine eyes, full of expression.

"The farther removed from the city and its sophistications, the more does the real character of the Portuguese peasantry appear in its proper light; and certainly there are no people who realize more, nearly than themselves the descriptions which poets have so often imagined of rural virtue and pastoral simplicity. If a

stranger appears amongst them, they make him, quite unsolicited, a tender of every thing he may stand in need of for his refreshment. There does the sportsman pursue his prey through vineyards full of delicious grapes, and melon fields covered with fruit, with no other barriers to protect them than mutual confidence.—No boards with appalling inscriptions of steel-traps and spring-guns annoy the sight, and disgrace the national character of generosity, by holding out to you in terrorem the prospect of immediate death if you climb over a hedge to pick up your game.

“It is with no such apprehensive selfishness that the Portuguese countryman guards his property. I never coasted along a melon field in my life, but the proprietor, if within sight, although unknown to me, would come forward and solicit my making choice of the ripest and best fruit, without the least feeling of interest—nay, he would have felt indignant if a remuneration had even been proffered.

“Nothing could be more noble than the conduct of the lavradores (farmers) during the war: without a prospect of indemnification they contributed with all their means to facilitate and assist the transport and other commissariat branches of the service. I have seen some, who had only a pair of oxen left, give them up to the exigencies of the war without a murmur.

“I have already implied that the Portuguese peasants are some of the best creatures breathing; they in

fact unite in their characters every thing which constitutes a virtuous people. The men are laborious and brave, and the women are chaste.”

After passing this eulogium, which had been extorted from him, will it be believed that the paragraph from which the last extract is taken contains the following sentence. “Most of the clergy employ their leisure in devising means of debauching their female parishioners!!!” He knew that this remark would be accepted, in some measure, as a qualification of his praise of Catholic virtues.

Concerning the priesthood we have in reserve one little fact—and we prefer facts to arguments—which will neutralize all the calumnies which pass current in England respecting the celibacy of the Portuguese clergy,

“The common people at Lisbon,” says Mrs. Baillie, “are all much *horrified* at the idea of *our* priests being allowed to marry; the former minister of the English factory resident there, had for a length of time continued to be greatly respected among them, until they heard that he was upon the point of returning to England, with an intention of being married; then indeed he sunk at once in their estimation, nor were all his virtues able to save his memory from reproach and scandal. Our present clergyman came hither accompanied by his wife, and, for the first few months after her arrival, she could not appear in the streets without

being pointed and gazed at, with displeased curiosity, by the populace, as the '*English padre's wife*!'"

They would not be *horrified* had they been accustomed to a clergy addicted to licentious habits. We by no means intend to say that the discipline of the Portuguese does not stand in need of alteration. Wherever a compact between church and state exists there must be abuses. We contend, however, that a priesthood which possesses influence cannot possibly be depraved; and the least clerical impropriety could not fail to shock a peasantry as morel and correct as the Portuguese are described to be.

Is the Portuguese peasant superstitious? If so he practices all the virtues which religion inculcates. We recommend the following little picture to the serious attention of our readers; the narrator is a Protestant, and on the first occasion was returning in the company of his colonel extremely ill to Lisbon.

"Luckily, however, for us, we espied a light at some distance from the road, and made towards it. It proceeded from a solitary cottage; and a woman, who answered to our knocks, expressed her willingness to receive us. Wretched as was her appearance, I never saw more cordial, more fearless hospitality: she heaped up her little fire, killed, and stewed for us two out of the few chickens she had, spread for us two straw mattresses near the hearth, and regarded

us the while with looks of the most benevolent pleasure. Seated on a rude bench of cork, near this cottage fire, I thankfully partook of the repast she prepared; and while the thunder burst in peals the most loud and awful over our heads, and the pouring rain beat rudely on her humble dwelling, with a heartfelt sensation of gratitude I composed myself to rest. When we rose with the morning to depart, our good hostess was resolute in refusing any remuneration, though the wretched appearance of her hovel, and the rags on her children, bespoke the extreme of poverty. 'No,' said she, 'the saints guided you to my threshold, and I thank them. My husband, too, was journeying yesterday, perhaps last night, amid that thunder-storm; he also knocked at some Christian's door, and found shelter.'

"We caught one of the children outside, and forcing some dollars into its little hands, mounted and rode off. I shall never forget that night, or that speech; and no sermon on the charities of life could be more instructive."

And at another time,

"We lost our way, and were obliged to put up for the night in a poor goat-herd's hut. We here, however, witnessed a scene of domestic happiness and patriarchal manners, which gave us reason to rejoice that we had slept under such a roof. The family consisted of a venerable old peasant, his daughter,

a woman of about four-and-thirty, and her five children, the eldest, a beautiful girl of fifteen; and the youngest, a fine black-eyed boy of eight. The husband of this woman was absent on a journey; the old peasant was not within; and when we first entered, the mother and her children were at supper; they pressed us to partake of it; we declined, but procured from them some fine rich goat's milk, and boiling it up with bread of Indian corn, made an excellent meal. It was late when the old man came in from his labor; he expressed great delight at our having rested in his cot, as, he said, there was no house within two leagues of that spot, the night dark and stormy, and the road bad and dangerous. A small wooden bowl of vegetable soup was brought him for his supper; he crossed himself and said a short grace; but my astonishment was not a little excited, by observing, that during the whole time he was eating his frugal meal, the family all stood up; and with their hands closed and lifted up, and their eyes raised towards the crucifix, prayed; not with extravagant fervour, nor as if it were a tame unmeaning form, but with much natural feeling, and seemed to invoke blessings on the head of this, the respected elder of their cottage.

"The old man, too, however habitual it might be, appeared deeply

impressed with the ceremony, and took his food with a sort of quiet, solemn thankfulness. The expression of the grand-daughter's countenance, who seemed much attached to him, was really seraphic; and I thought the whole scene quite a subject for a painting. When we lay down for the night, all the children knelt at the feet of their grandfather and received his blessing, sealed by him with a kiss upon their young foreheads. I slept with a sort of sweet and superstitious confidence under this happy roof; so much, and so pleasingly, had I been affected by the simplicity of manners, among its poor contented inmates.

In the morning, after literally forcing on them a small present, we set forward highly gratified.

We may stop here: if this be superstition would to God that all mankind were superstitious. Surely we may ask, ought the religion which neutralises the effects of bad government, and teaches the rude peasant the sublimest morality to be proscribed, as inimical to the best interests of society?

The present situation of Portugal merits some observation, but, at present, we have no room to enter upon the subject. With politics we do not concern ourselves, unless when they interfere with the integrity of religion.

CATECHISM OF THE LAST GENERAL COUNCIL OF PHILADELPHIA.

PREFACE.

"Miracles will never cease" is no uncommon phrase. "The days of miracles are gone by," is an axiom no orthodox Protestant dares question. We think we can supply a third assertion, on which even the antagonist supporters of the above contrary propositions may agree, without questioning the truth of their favorite axioms. Whether, then, it be true or false that the days of miracles are passed, all will agree that the days of monsters are not.

Least of all in our times can this be doubted, for it would seem this our age is, above all others, the monster age. Every order of things is treating us to some freak of its fancy. Formerly, indeed, the physical world engrossed all the monsters to herself; but the political world, lately becoming jealous of the monopoly, determined to be no longer behind hand to its rival: wearied by the dull uniformity of its creations, it resolved for once to stray from its old beaten path, and try something out of its former routine. Accordingly it surprises us with its monster meetings,

monster indictments, monster verdicts, and other monsters too numerous to mention.

Probably that this wonderful success of the political, inspired the religious world with the most sanguine hopes, if it should attempt something in the monster line also. And it by no means over-estimated its powers of contrariness. We are not inclined to agree with the *Churchman*, who insinuates that its efforts were like the inflations of Æsop's frog, or the well known labors of the fabled mountain. Something more wonderful than either frog or mouse has it given birth to—it gave us a *monster Convention*!

The *Churchman*, we are aware, will but laugh at our assertion; nevertheless, we maintain with Dr. Brooke and others, that there is a veritable monster to be feared. "If," says the sceptical *Churchman*, "not edifying, it was at least amusing; one party contending vehemently that the object of vision was an *elephant*, and the other trying to persuade them that it was only a *flea*. The latter opinion at length prevailed, and the Convention adjourned in great good

humor. Dr. Brooke, however, and a few others on the extreme left, were still haunted by the fears of the *monster's* (Tractarianism's) trunk." This is but vain boasting—it is an unfounded insinuation against the correctness of Dr. Brooke's intellectual vision; if any thing, the fears of Dr. Brooke fall short of the magnitude of the danger.

"Monster," says the Dictionary, "is something out of the common order of things." We are, therefore, perfectly justified in asserting that the General Convention held in St. Andrew's church, was a monster Convention, for it is something out of the common order of Conventions. It is true, Protestantism has, during its time, exhibited productions both strange and ludicrous; but they were all according to the Protestant order of things; never before now did it give us a veritable matter-of-fact monster. Formerly we had a category for its production, now we defy the world to point us out any known events amongst which this Convention may be properly classed. Millerism is a fanaticism not without its fellow; Mormonism is not more strange than the dreams of Mahomet. These we can name; we can distinguish them by some appellation from similar or unlike religious—irreligious, would be better—events. But Protestantism has furnished us in its last Convention with something quite unusual. The very authors of it cannot give it a name; it is composed of the most heterogeneous assortment of materials, which, were

it not a monster, and consequently out of the common fate of things, would be deemed not only incompatible, but absolutely of mutual nullity.

Few can be so sceptical as to deny that such is a monster Convention; it would be monstrous to attempt it. The political monsters, meetings, indictments, verdicts, acquittals, and all, were mere trifles to it; for these, parallels might be found; for that, none.

The Council of Trent has its historian; the Council of Philadelphia will likely have one also. There is a Catechism of the Council of Trent; and as we hear of no promises of one for that of Philadelphia, it is to be hoped we anticipate the intentions of none, in publishing the following catechetical summary of doctrine. We are accountable merely for the questions, as we have copied most of the answers from the reported proceedings of the Convention, and the few answers which may not be found *verbum verbo* in the reports, are certainly no way foreign from the substance of them.

We shall conclude our Preface by stating that in the use of the term monster, we mean no disparagement to the members of the Convention. The word may now be used with less offence, than would formerly be considered as intentionally offered in its application.* To remove all grounds of complaint for using this formerly

* As the Convention would not agree upon a name for the Church suitable to the wishes of all, we suggest the propriety of calling it the Monster Church.

odious word, we are content to have our Catechism called—

THE MONSTER CATECHISM.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE CHURCH.

Question. To what church do you belong?

Answer. To the Protestant Episcopal.

Q. Is this Church known by any other name?

A: Yes, it is also called the Reformed Catholic.

Q. Is not there some objection to the term Catholic?

A. Many of the brethren consider it "sectarian or denominational; and that it should be applied only in two cases—to the Universal Church, or to the Roman Catholic Church.

Q. Is there no title on which all the members of the Church agree?

A. None, unless they be content to adopt the term Protestant-Episcopal Reformed-Catholic.

Q. Would it not be better to curtail this awkward name, by retaining only either half, Reformed Catholic, or Protestant Episcopal?

A. "It would not be prudent to give up the title Protestant Episcopal, for many of the legal rights of the Church depend upon the maintenance of the term." Neither would it be wise to disclaim being Reformed Catholics, for many of the members

of our Church, as well as of the Scotch and English Churches, "have a strong aversion to the term *Protestant*, as understanding it to express a sympathy with sects and religionists of every hue who have no other bond of union than that of opposition to Rome."*

Q. Have you not a tribunal in the church competent to determine her title, and to prepare a canon rendering the use of it obligatory?

A. I know of no such tribunal, but if such there be, it is certain the execution of its behests would be impossible.

Q. Can the highest ecclesiastical authority in this country, a general convention, prohibit to individuals the use of objectionable religious titles?

A. "It would be monstrous if it could. Such a state of affairs would be fatal to intellect in a land of liberty. And we know not where such action would end."

Q. In this uncertain state of affairs what course is best to be followed?

A. With the Unitarian, be a Unitarian; with the Baptist—a Pedebaptist; with the Roman Catholic—a Protestant; and Protestant-Episcopalian, or a Reformed Catholic, or both according to the class of brethren with whom you are engaged.

Q. Would not *Cameleon*, or *Proteus* Church, be the more expressive title for this church?

A. "You may assume whatever name under circumstances may be

* Churchman.

preferable," but be careful that in trying to establish a common one agreeable to all, you sow not the seeds of discord.

Q. Have you then perfect liberty as an individual member or presbyter of the church, to assume whatever name you please; whether it be for expediency or euphony sake?

A. Most certainly; and it would be a monstrous invasion of my just privileges to dispute it.

CHAPTER II.

UNITY OF FAITH.

Q. What is meant by unity of faith?

A. To agree to differ only within those bounds which the church had prescribed.

Q. What are the bounds determined by the church?

A. Liberty on all but the fundamental principles of Christianity.

Q. What are fundamental principles?

A. "No two men could possibly agree upon what they are."

Q. Are there not fundamental errors extant in the church?

A. It is so said, but that matters little, for "the best men have been endeavoring for centuries to agree upon which were or what were not the fundamentals of religion."

Q. Is not union on matter of faith to be greatly desired?

A. Yes, but however desirable it

may be, "perfect union is impossible—it is vain to hope for absolute harmony."

Q. Why does not the church give expression as to what, and where the errors are?

A. This again is impossible; "we know not with whom we could confide such an important investigation;" it is very doubtful whether the House of Bishops should be trusted with the subject?

Q. Is there, then, no means of purifying the church from error?

A. "If we are to go into the settlement of error, we shall have whole libraries to go over; we shall give ourselves increasing labor." It is but a mere "notion, that men could be made to think alike. This could never be while we remain as God found us, or rather as we were since the primal fall. We are well enough," and should be content "to stand for the church as it is."

Q. How, then, will the church answer the distracted congregations, writhing in agony on account of the introduction of errors?

A. "As to grief, and heart-burnings, and distresses, and all that sort of thing, we never hear of them except from Low Churchmen, and account them no better than gratuitous revilings of the church. All right-minded clergymen are engaged in the peaceful and successful discharge of their parochial duties."*

Q. Can it be considered gratuitous

* Churchman.

reviling when no less than sixty heresies have been pointed out?

A. Sixty heresies have been enumerated, but it is not certain who broached them, or where they are to be found. Some have charged them on certain Oxford *tracts*, and a very troublesome review, named the *British Critic*, but it is now nearly certain that the sixty heresies were forged by a wicked Radical journal, to disturb the peace of the church.

CHAPTER. III.

THE CHURCH AS IT IS.

Q. You have stated the necessity of standing for the church as it is, but is not that the great difficulty to know what it is, either in name or doctrine?

A. Its name, Protestant, is stereotyped. Its doctrine is contained in the Bible and the Prayer Book.

Q. Cannot the church give an exposition of her doctrine, for is it not clearly set down in the Articles?

A. "All the points of faith necessary for Christian worship and communion, were by God's great goodness defined while yet the church was one, and could speak with authority."*

Q. What are the necessary points?

A. The fundamental principles.

Q. What are they?

A. I have stated before that no

two men could probably agree on what they are.

Q. Is there no bond of union in matters of faith existing between the members of the church?

A. Most certainly there is; they can be content to "agree to disagree, and not disagree by trying to agree."

Q. Could not the church explain the Articles authoritatively?

A. No; that would lead us to the dangerous Romanist doctrines of development.

Q. Are not the Articles a development of doctrine?

A. Yes; but the church could, when she sanctioned them, speak with authority.

Q. And why not now?

A. Because she is not one; and moreover, the necessary doctrines have been defined already.

Q. Is there not a disagreement on the meaning of the Articles?

A. Yes; but the disagreement is not about essentials.

Q. Is there not now dissension in the church?

A. Yes; and she must now be either "corrupted, purified, or divided."

Q. How can it be purified?

A. By the House of Bishops.

Q. But can the Bishops be trusted?

A. Many have serious doubts about that.

CHAPTER IV.

MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS.

Q. What is Puseyism?

A. "The consistent and faithful

* Churchman.

carrying out of the church's system."*

Q. Are the *Oxford Tracts* and the *British Critic* Puseyite publications?

A. Yes.

Q. Do they teach Protestant principles?

A. No; on the contrary, the "errors and abuses of Tractarianism are inconsistent with the Gospel and with the principle of our Protestant Episcopal church."

Q. What do you find fault with in the *Tracts*?

A. They teach, first, that there is no material difference between the doctrines of our church, and those of Popery, and that it is doubtful "whether our church is any purer than the church of Rome." Second, that the Protestant Episcopal Reformation from the church of Rome was

an unjustifiable act—was a 'deplorable schism'—and that "we are therefore schismatically separated from the true Church of God, which is the church of Rome." Third, that all the doctrines, therefore, which the church of Rome teaches, are true and Scriptural, and binding on the consciences, and that we *ought, therefore, to believe and practice accordingly.* The Tractarian system, 'or Puseyism,' is, therefore, subversive of Protestantism and of Gospel."

Q. As the church grants you unrestrained liberty in the choice of a religious title, does she declare a like freedom with regard to the doctrines of faith?

A. It was so formerly; but we have now publications habitually before us, denouncing those who use the liberty which Christ has given us.

* Banner of the Cross.

FOR THE EXPOSITOR

THE SYRIAN LEPER.

PART I.

In Syria's royal court its Monarch smiled,
And lavished favors with a bounteous hand,
On him, whose oft victorious arm had quelled
Seditious tumults, and repulsed the foe.

Success and honors followed Naaman !
 Tho' envied wealth and titles his, he lacked
 Fruition of such happiness, as 'twere
 In mockery, to fade beneath his grasp :
 Alas ! a leprous sickness turned to naught
 The joys his swelling fortune else might yield,
 And banished Pleasure but to welcome Pain !
 Vainly Physicians tried their healing arts,
 And subtle power of precious drugs essayed,—
 No balm in Gilead could be found to cure !
 " Give me " the sick man cried " Oblivion's draught,
 Wherein to steep my care-worn thoughts, and lull
 To sweet unconsciousness my present grief !
 Despair its heavy and benumbing weight
 Hath laid upon my heart !—My wife—what now ?
 That joyous smile, methinks, but ill becomes
 Thee, at a time like this, when all around
 Partake the sombre hue of my distress !"
 " To bring good news, my Lord "—his wife exclaimed,
 " Impatient have I come ! Despair no more !
 As the bright day succeeds the darkest night,
 And the replenished lamp more freely burns,
 So thy now livid cheek again shall wear
 The ruddy bloom of pristine health !—Come, cheer
 Thy drooping spirits, while thou hear'st my tale !
 That Israelitish maid, whom but of late
 A captive taken from her native land
 By Syrian robbers thou did'st, rescuing, bid
 Wait on myself—her tearful eye has marked
 How sorrow's deep corrosion in thy heart
 Its wasting progress spreads. With pity touched,
 This morn she cried " Oh ! would my Lord had been
 In Samaria, where the Prophet dwells !
 He of his leprosy would him have cured."
 " Is not this welcome news, my Lord ? no more
 Thou'lt chide me that my joy's revealed in smiles !"
 Oh ! not more blest the promised hope of sight
 To him, who long in blindness hid hath pined
 For Vision's gladdening ray, and sighed in vain
 To realize a dream, than this new fount
 Which unexpected rose at Naaman's feet !
 —A spring discovered in the Desert's waste !

So the poor Sinner, when the poisonous sting
 Of leprous guilt this world his torture makes,
 Mantled with Faith, " the great Physician " seeks,
 And from his fettered soul Death's bondage shakes.

PART II.

THE LEPROSY CURED.

In haste his Monarch's presence Naaman sought,
 The sudden news to tell.—" To Israel's King,"
 The Syrian ruler said, " thyself shalt bear
 A letter from my hand, and if his power
 Exert itself to work thy perfect cure,
 Not thou alone,—myself his debtor am."

The circling dust soon rose on Naaman's path,
 As, with impetuous speed, his chariot rolled
 Its onward course.—Nor unprepared to show,
 By more than empty words, a grateful heart
 For his expected cure, had Naaman left
 His palace walls. From his abundant stores
 Six thousand golden pieces scarce were missed,
 —And these he took,—with silver talents ten,
 And raiments various in their changing hues.
 But vain his care—no sooner Israel's King
 The missive scroll perused, than turning pale,
 With garments rent, he cried :—"What mockery this!
 Have I the power 'neath my control to bid
 The sick revive, and cure with but my word
 This leprous man? The King, his master, sure
 Hath sought such occasion thus to make us foes!
 Fain would I Naaman heal, but fell disease
 Its savage stops not at a King's command!"
 The warrior heard :—no sigh—no moan escaped
 His breathless lips, but as one fixed to earth,
 In wonder lost, he stood! of hope bereft!

Oft as some drowning wretch thro' boisterous waves
 Now rising sinks—and sinks to rise no more,—
 So he, deceived—beguiled—in misery sank
 But lower in each fruitless search for help!

Why starts the King? What sudden word is brought?
 "To let Naaman come, and let him know
 That the Lord's Prophet yet in Israel lives!"
 'Twas Eliseus sent :—soon Naaman stood
 Impatient waiting at his humble door.
 "My master" (thus the Prophet's servant spoke,)
 "Bade me to thee this message bear—Thy flesh
 Go seven times wash in Jordan's stream, and thou
 Shalt find its health restored,—thyself be cleansed!"
 Reluctant pride the warrior's bosom swelled,
 And unbelief its barrier interposed,
 Pending between alternate hope and fear.
 "Why comes he not himself, and with a touch
 My leprosy dismiss?"—thus he exclaimed:
 "In Jordan lave? hath not my native soil
 Rivers more pure than all that Israel boasts?"
 His servants' suppliant prayers,—their anxious looks
 Wrang from his yielding heart a slow consent
 To obey the Prophet's will. 'Neath Jordan's waves
 He seven times washed his leprous form! Oh joy!
 Soon as Faith's heavenly flame within him burned,
 Clean as a new born babe's his flesh returned!

PART III.

THE DOOM OF GIEZI.

Back to the Prophet's home, with all his train,
 The Syrian noble turned his chariot wheels.
 "Accept" he cried "Oh! man of God! these gifts—
 Unworthy recompense of this great deed
 Thou'st worked---the instrument in mightier hands
 Than aught of other gods, before whose fânes

In humble reverence have I thrown myself!
 Henceforth, no more to Remmon's idol bowed
 Will I the smoking holocaust present---
 To Israel's God---the One, true God---alone
 Shall my bent knee its adoration pay!"

"Depart in peace"---thus Eliseus said,
 "In vain thou urg'st acceptance of thy gifts!
 As the Lord liveth---none will I receive!"

Homeward his horses Naaman slowly turned,
 And left a scene endeared to future years,
 While at his door the Prophet stood and blessed
 Him as he went. Close by his master's side
 Well had Giezi marked each passing word,
 And thus within his heart deep seated vice
 Its utterance gave: This Stranger's rich!--while I
 "By daily labor earn a scanty meal!

If from a foolish pride my master choose
 To let this golden chance unheeded pass,
 Must I as well his folly share, when thus
 Kind Fortune points the road to wealth, and shows
 The path to merge from this my lowly state
 Of servitude? Sure 'tis no crime to take
 That which with full consent he'd freely give,
 And think but small return for favors great
 As those received? Let me be quick and catch
 The falling drops from Plenty's glittering horn,
 Ere in receding distance it be lost!"

Fast on the Syrian's course Giezi ran,
 And soon the treasure reached. With anxious fear,
 His chariot Naaman stopt, and leaping out,
 "Does all go well?" he asked. "Yes---all is well!"
 Giezi cried No tongue more smoothly truth
 Could tell, than he this lie.---"My message hear;
 E'en now from Ephraim's mount two Prophets' sons
 To my good master Eliseus came,
 Whose poverty forbids their welcome meet;
 For them he humbly asks that thou should'st give
 One silver talent, and a garment's change
 For each!" Who could suspect a falsehood this?
 And Naaman least, when his o'erflowing heart
 Desired occasion only to discharge
 The grateful debt he owed.---"Two talents take,
 With raiment as thou wilt:" the warrior said.
 "Led by this man, let two attendants bear
 To Eliseus' house these gifts of mine!"

The shades of evening on their pathway crept,
 When from the servants' hands Giezi took
 Their precious load. "Away! thy master waits
 Thy quick return," he cried: "myself will care
 That the great Prophet of this bounty knows."
 Left to himself, unseen the prize he seized,
 And robber like, his ill-got spoiled concealed.

In Eliseus' presence soon he stood,
 His wonted service to perform. His eye
 The Prophet fixed upon his boldened face,
 And asked, "Whence comest thou, Giezi? whence?"
 "Know whither did thy servant go"---he lied;---
 But as he spoke his faltering tongue proclaimed
 His fear; while thus, in awful voice of wrath,
 The Man of God exclaimed "Was not my heart
 With thee, thou wicked wretch, when Naaman turned
 His chariot back?---As then, to feed thy lust
 And avaricious pride, thou hast received

By lying tongue, the Syrian's gifts,---so now,
On thee and thine, his leprosy shall fall !
Hence from my sight!---He trembling turned to go,---
A wretched Leper, white as driven snow !

November, 1844.

R. R. I. P.

OBSERVATIONS.

Suggested by the reading of a passage in the work entitled Religion in America by ROBERT BAIRD, as to the use of the Bible not being absolutely necessary for every class in society, and as real prohibition of such a perusal issued by protestants.

Once more we call our reader's attention to the use of the Bible, which was the subject of one of our articles in our last number, and we beg leave to make a few observations suggested by the reading of the following passage in the work entitled *Religion in America*, by ROBERT BAIRD, lately published in this city.

"It must be noted that while such are the difficulties that oppose the maintenance of a christian ministry in the slave holding states, there is a special necessity for the *preaching* of the gospel there. It is emphatically by the "*hearing*" of the word

that the slaves can be expected to come to the knowledge of salvation. Legislation in most of those States has forbidden the teaching of slaves to read. It is from the voice of the *living teacher* that the great bulk of that class in the United States must receive instruction in divine things. Thanks be to God! no Legislature in any State has forbidden the preaching of the gospel to those who are in the bonds of slavery; and *many thousands* of them, it is believed, *have not heard it in vain.*"

Before we make any comment on the above, we must solemnly protest that it is not our intention to touch directly or indirectly the question of slavery, neither the propriety or impropriety of the law by which it is forbidden to teach them to read in some of the States. Our argument will be confined to the subject of the propagation of Christianity and the

reading of the Bible. We find that the author with the rest of Protestants admits that the *great bulk* of the slaves receive Christianity from the *voice* of the *Living Teacher* only, and that they do *not receive it in vain*. Hence the reading of the Bible is not *absolutely* necessary to the propagation of Christianity, and Protestants are very unjust in supposing that the ignorant people in Catholic countries cannot be Christians, because they cannot read the Bible. Secondly, we find that the slaves are forbidden even to acquire the *means* to read the Bible, for they are forbidden to learn to read, and therefore, we find a *Protestant prohibition* of reading the Bible much more extensive than any one ever issued by the Catholic church, for the church has never forbidden to acquire those qualifications

which are considered necessary for the proper use of the Sacred volume. Let protestants talk no more about prohibitions for they will find themselves more embarrassed than they can anticipate.

In the Catholic church no class as such is excluded from the reading of the Bible as we stated in our former article although the church, as a wise and tender mother, directs that reading and withdraws in some cases the sacred volume from the hands of those who will only profane it to their own destruction, and misrepresent its divine doctrines, causing, perhaps, the destruction of others. All of them are admitted to the perusal of the Bible as soon as they give up their *sinful* dispositions, or acquire the necessary qualifications.

FROM THE ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH

COMBATS OF THE CHURCH IN THE EAST.

WE have before us the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith" for September, 1844, wherein is contained the following most extraordinary narratives of the struggles for the Church in the Chinese Empire, and in the ancient kingdom of Persia. They are long, but few will tire in the perusal :

MISSIONS OF PERSIA.

Extract of a letter of the Rev. Mr. Darnis, Prefect Apostolic of the Congregation of St. Vincent in Persia, to the Very Rev. Mr. Ertienne, Superior-General of the same Congregation.

"Ravendooze, April 7, 1844.

Very Reverend and honored Fa-

ther,—God vouchsafes to try us, may his holy name be blest ! I have already announced to you that one of the American ministers of Oormiah, accompanied by three Nestorian bishops, had gone to Teheran, to have us expelled from the country and to strip us of two churches that we have built at Ardeesher and Oormiah. Our enemies have found a powerful and zealous protector in the person of the Russian ambassador, who is a Protestant. His great influence has easily extorted from the court of Persia a firman, which orders the governor of Aderbeidjan to expel Mr. Cluzel and me in twenty-four hours from the Persian territory, and to conduct us out *with all our family*, and to sell what belongs to us. Moreover, it is enjoined on all the governors to prevent, in future, any missionary entering Persia, to punish rigorously all the Catholics, and in particular two or three priests who have lately abjured heresy. This is all I have been able to know concerning this firman. The Russian ambassador has not been satisfied with these severities : he has signified to the governor of Tauris the order to publish an edict conformable to that of the king, and to delegate an agent furnished with powers to have it executed and the new converts in chains.

Mr. Nicholas, whom we had sent to Tauris, has done all in his power to allay the storm, or at least to retard it ; but his efforts have been fruitless, because it was the Russian ambassador who commanded, and

the American ministers—paid largely those who are charged with the execution of it. He has only obtained from the governor a kind of safe-conduct for our persons, which has been very little respected, although all the authorities of Oormiah were favorable to us. The omnipotence of the Russian ambassador closes every mouth.

So soon as we were apprised of the measures taken against us, Mr. Cluzel set out forthwith from Oormiah, before the arrival of the firman, lest he might be prevented from going to Teheran to protest against these violences.

At length the firman arrived. On the thirteenth of March I was imprisoned with brother David : the next day we were conducted to the tribunal in the midst of a great multitude of spectators. There the governor assigned to us as a prison our own dwelling. We were watched by four *gens-d'armes*, who remained with us night and day. I declared then to the governor, that I demanded before my departure to have delivered to me a copy of the firman of the king. It was promised to me, but I did not receive it, because the Americans had given money to have the copy refused to me.

On the very evening of our arrest an aged newly converted Nestorian priest was thrown into prison and loaded with chains. Pursuit was also commenced after another Priest, whose only crime was his return to unity ; but he has had the good luck to escape the fury of our enemies,

who, irritated for having missed their aim, cruelly maltreated the inhabitants of this village, although they are Nestorians, in order to compel them to discover the place of his retreat. For the same purpose a child that we had with us for three years back, has been so severely beaten by these barbarians, that every stripe of the stick is deeply marked on his face, which is one great sore, furrowed by long and terrible wounds. In spite of such horrible tortures the courageous child would never point out to his executioners the retreat of the priest, although he knew very well where he was concealed.

In the meanwhile the delegate from Tauris did not lose his time at Oormiah. Aided by ten satellites he commenced beating like beasts of burden our domestics and the Catholics, who were in a great number in our house; he even spoke of tying Brother David to a tree to have him beaten. As for me, I escaped with a torrent of gross abuse: once he went so far as to use threats; but, seeing that I feared neither his stick nor his poignard, he did not dare to lay his hand on me, which greatly astonished the immense crowd that witnessed these scenes of horror. At last the governor of Oormiah, being informed of what was going on, sent orders to put an end to the tortures.

The foregoing is a rapid glance at what has just happened to us, for it is impossible to relate to you the whole at full length. We have been obliged to pay more than seven hun-

dred francs' fine, without reckoning the depredations that the satellites have caused to our residence. Several of our Christians have taken flight, particularly those of the village of Ardeesher, which the Americans wished to have destroyed.

Our enemies urged our departure, Brother David and I were conducted, under an escort of two *gens-d'armes*, to two days' distance from Oormiah, to a small town of Koordistan. The two satellites made us suffer much during the whole journey, and the place where they have left us is the most dangerous of this barbarous country. Already were they planning to strip and assassinate us, but the chief of the neighborhood, although a Koord, showed himself generous in our regard. He gave us a sheik to accompany us as far as the territory of the Sublime Porte: his protection delivered us from the greatest dangers on the part of the highwaymen, who watched on the way to murder us.

At length God conducted us sound and safe to our destination, and I take advantage of my freedom to rejoin Mr. Cluzel at Siuna, a small town of Persian Koordistan. I should, to proceed there directly, again enter Persia; but, as I am somewhat known in these countries, and, as I might meet Methodist emissaries, I am going to cross the mountains which are on the side of Turkey, and I hope to arrive, with the assistance of God, at Siuna in ten days.

It is important that I should have an understanding with Mr. Cluzel, in

order that he may be able to go to sustain the reclamations of a great number of the principal Catholics who have already set out for Teheran. At their head is the sexagenarian bishop of Chosrova. If this députation does not succeed, as is much to be feared, on account of the resistance of the Russian ambassador, it will at least make a deep impression, and will be able to slacken the fire of persecution, for the first minister of the Shah seems to be rather favorable towards us.

In case we should not be able as yet to return again to Persia, Mr. Cluzel would come to rejoin me at Mossul, and thence we would, if you allow us, slip into the mountains of the Nestorians, which are at two or three days' journey from Oormiah. These erring brethren are very well disposed in our favor. Already a young priest of the country has returned to the bosom of the church : I shall probably find him again at Mossul.

We shall, without doubt, have much to suffer in this perilous apostleship ; but the answer that I received two months ago from one of the principal inhabitants, who was then at Oormiah, should make us triumph over all fears. " When the Apostle," said he to me, in his genuine simplicity, " announced the Gospel to the infidels, did they not run the same dangers in the pagan world as you in the midst of our mountains?"

It is a long time since we formed this project, and the Lord seems, by the sad conjuncture in which we find

ourselves, to have procured for us the consolation of realising it. We have great hopes of success ; Nestorianism is crumbling on every side.

Now, the 7th of April, Easter day, I have just learned that Mr. Cluzel has recommenced his journey for Teheran, at the head of twenty-five Catholics : the Chaldean Patriarch is to join them. May the Lord vouchsafe to crown their undertaking with success ! Mr. Rouge has retired to Salmas : I send to him a young Chaldean priest whom I met near Ravandooze. Another ecclesiastic of the same nation will go to Oormiah to console our poor Catholics, and to sustain them in the midst of this rude trial to which their faith is exposed.

I urgently recommend our dear Missions of Persia to the fervent prayers of the two families of St. Vincent, and I am, &c.

DARNIS, *Priest of the Mission.*

Extract from a Letter of the Rev. Mr. Cluzel, Missionary Apostolic, in Persia, of the Congregation of St. Vincent, to the Very Rev. Mr. Martin, Director of the International Seminary in Paris.

" So-ook-Boolak, 30th March, 1844.

My very dear and respected Colleague,—Our last letters will have apprised you of the fears with which we have been inspired, from the journey of an American Methodist and three Nestorian bishops to Teheran, where the Russian ambassa-

dor had, they said, warmly espoused their interests. What we apprehended is but too truly realised; events have much exceeded our anticipations. Simple people that we are, we supposed that at the most the ambassador would employ his influence to obtain a firman that would strip us, for the advantage of the heretics, of the church that we have built in the village of Ardeesher; but this injustice, already great enough, did not suffice for the enemies of Catholicism. At the solicitation of the American Methodist, obeying, perhaps, superior orders, this representative of the Emperor of Russia has thought proper to demand our expulsion from the Persian territory.

Mr. Nicholas, the young Frenchman, who, throughout the course of this affair, has so well served the cause of truth and religion, had repaired to Teheran to trace the reports which began to prevail. On the 20th of March we received from him a letter, in which he expressed himself in these terms:—

“My heart is overwhelmed with grief. The Nestorian Bishops have been here during the last week; they have obtained a firman, which enjoins the government of Aderbeidjan to oblige you to quit the Persian territory in twenty-four hours. This order extends only to Mr. Darnis and Mr. Cluzel: Mr. Rouge and the Brothers will then be able to remain at Oormiah. The agent of the Russian consulate has received orders to urge upon the local authorities the

execution of this decree. I have attempted a thousand ways to obtain a respite, but in vain: each one fears to compromise himself. If the Bishops are bearers of the firman I shall follow them very closely: I fear much that they will send before them a courier. Be, then, on your guard.”

You feel what impression this letter must have produced upon us. It filled us with a deep grief, less, no doubt, on account of the personal treatment that was reserved for us, than in consideration of the evils about to fall upon our dear neophytes. What was then our embarrassment! Different plans crossed our minds: to take flight under a circumstance in which each one is forcedly the enemy of him whom Russia persecutes was to expose to violence those of our colleagues who would remain behind us. It was then definitely decided that I should set out alone to go visit, on my way, some Christian families, scattered through the mountains of Koordistan. Mr. Darnis was to await the arrival of the firman, to feel the first strokes of the persecution, and in the mean time to despatch some persons to Teheran, without the aid of whom our voyage was useless. By this arrangement we thought to save our house and to contrive a way to reach the capital.

I set out then from Oormiah, alone, on the morning of the 22d of March. Daylight scarcely glimmered over the deserted streets of the city, which I traversed in silence. My heart

was painfully oppressed: big tears rolled from my eyes. I had just quitted beloved colleagues with the fear of being separated from them a long time; I saw my hopes vanish all at once, and the neophytes whom we had gained for Jesus Christ, scattered, without support, without a guide, and abandoned like a flock of young lambs, to the mercy of the wolves.

I arrived in a Christian village, where I found all our Catholics in a state of consternation: some knowledge had reached them of the reports that prevailed. My duty was to dissemble my own alarm, and I succeeded so well that in departing I left them free from uneasiness, at least more confident for the future.

In two days after I had scarcely visited in the Koord mountains two Christian congregations when, one morning, after Mass, being seated chatting quietly with my little flock, which was crowded around me, I saw enter three Christians of another village, where I was to meet a messenger that I was expecting. By their gloomy looks I guessed how it was. "Why," said I to them, smiling, "do you come so early? Could there be any sick amongst you?" "Yes, Master," they answered sadly, "there are a great many:" and at the same time they delivered to me a letter of the following tenor:—

"My dear Colleague,—our affairs are in the saddest condition. Mr. Darnis and Brother David were carried away yesterday evening, the 23rd of March. They are in pur-

suit of you: the place of our retreat is known. Fly, fly quickly: I am afraid you will not have time. I have had every thing valuable removed; I am expecting the pillage of our house. Your devoted Colleague, ROUGE."

A days walk placed me almost entirely beyond the reach of our enemies. I mounted then instantly on horseback, and set out for So-ook-Boolak, a small Kourd village, whence I write these lines. But here my embarrassment is redoubled: Mr. Rouge, while announcing to me that Mr. Darnis and Brother David had been carried away, did not tell me what was become of them. What then is to be done at present? To retrace my steps—to repair to Teheran? But what will it serve me to go to this city? Shall I proceed towards Ispahan? But at so great a distance, how could I learn the news? And, again, my presence amongst the Catholics of this locality, so soon as it shall be known by the Russian ambassador, will be able to raise up a persecution against them. Shall I pass to Mossul, from which I am distant only seven day's journey?

Before deciding, I thought it expedient to send to Oormiah a messenger on foot, who has gone there secretly. I await here his answer, which obliges me to remain eight days in this city, and I devote a moment of this long delay to write to you this news with a reed and musulman ink that does not run.

But here is a courier, who brings me the following letter :—

“From our prison, March 27, 1844.

“My dear Colleague.—A couple of words only. . . if this letter reach you, I beg of you to shave your beard, put on a lay dress, go straight to the capital, and present yourself to the ambassador, to complain of the cruel persecution that afflicts the Catholics. I have been imprisoned and grossly insulted.

Now, thanks to the amiable company of four *ferraches*, I am confined in our house, which I have sold to Nicholas, to save it from the hands of our enemies. We have lost our church at Ardeesher, which is destroyed, or on the point of being so; and, but for the attention of Mr. Nicolas, who is always our protector, our church and house at Oormiah would have shared the same. The Priest Simon, of Kin-Tipsay, who has been thrown into prison according to the account of the messenger, was rewarded every day with a bastinado. Another priest has taken flight. Nevertheless, there is a stir making in our favor. Already some *chosavalins*, and ten white-bearded deputies have repaired to Tauris to plead our cause. As for me, by means of a very heavy fine I escape the hands of my satellites, and depart for Mossul. In passing through So-ook-Boolak, I will give you other details.”

I am then waiting here for Mr. Darnis, to have the pleasure of seeing him, if he be allowed to arrive.

I will then repair to the capital, whence I will write to you again.

The messenger added, that the *ferraches* have beaten to death one of our domestics.

The Nestorians have, however, come from several villages to Oormiah, and have disavowed the conduct of their Bishops. On their part the Americans have succeeded, by their violence towards us, in making themselves still more detested.

Russia is very unjust in our regard: without reason or pretext, to tear from their house, to imprison and ill-treat subjects of an ally king, to extend the persecution to poor peasants, whose whole crime is not to approve of the errors and blasphemies of eight impious persons from the New World; to strip them of their properties, to drive them from their habitations, to put them in irons, to subject them to the bastinado; what can be added to these iniquitous cruelties, and what is there wanting in our enemies to merit being reckoned amongst the persecutors of the ancient times?

I repair to Teheran to demand of the ambassador, of the king and his ministers, justice for the crying wrongs of which we have been the victims. I will not conceal from you that I expect little success from this step. I have the honor to be, &c.,

CLUZEL, *Missionary-Apostolic in Persia.*”

According to more recent news, the Catholic deputation has been re-

ceived at Teheran, and satisfaction was promised to its just demands.

MISSIONS OF CHINA.

Letter of his Lordship, Dr. Besy, Vicar-Apostolic of Xan-Tong, to the Directors of the Association.

“Nankin, May 15th, 1843.

“Gentlemen,—Towards the end of 1840 I was giving a Mission in the Southern part of Hou-Quang, a country then agitated by a violent persecution when I received from Rome the order to accept the Vicariate-Apostolic of Xan-Tong, together with the administration of the diocese of Nankin. The feeling of my insufficiency would have made me decline so heavy a burden, if the brief of his Holiness had left me the liberty of a refusal; but it ordered me to bow my head without resistance, and to comply without delay. I set out, then, in the depth of a severe winter, across Hou-Nan and Xansi, to go to receive from the hands of his Lordship, the Bishop of Xan-si, Episcopal consecration. I arrived at this venerable Prelate's, after a long and perilous journey of fifty days. The ceremony of consecration being finished, I set out again immediately. I visited on my way the Province of Honan, and that of Petchely, and I had the consolation of rejoining my flock in time to celebrate with them the feasts of Easter.

It is pleasing to me to tell you, to

the praise of those kind neophytes, that they welcomed me with a holy effusion of heart. They had never before seen a Bishop, and they were far from thinking that the Holy See, in its attentive and paternal solicitude, would deign to send them as a guide a pastor raised to the dignity of Pontiff.

The province of Xan-Tong is celebrated in the annals of China for having given birth to the greatest philosophers of the Empire, here reputed as the first sages of the world, such as Confucius, Mom-dse, Tsen-dse, and other learned men of distinction. The tomb of the first is seen in the village of Kio-Foo, at a short distance from the city of Oven-Hien. It is a majestic monument, surrounded as it were by a forest of aged oaks, which penetrates the numerous visitors with a profound recollection, well suited to preserve in the hearts of the Chinese that religious enthusiasm that they have always had for Confucius.

A mountain which is said to be the loftiest in all China, and which, for this reason, perhaps, is called *Tai-Xan*, makes this province the rendezvous of all the devout idolators. There is no native sect which has not their idols and pagodas; the mountain is strewn with them from its base to its summit; bonzees in great numbers, sing their night and day hymns to their gods, and practice a thousand superstitions, which draw a crowd of pilgrims from all points of this vast Empire. During the three first months of the year,

particularly, the ways which lead to *Tai-Xan* are blocked up with long caravans, which come either to fulfil vows, to ask for health and riches, or else to solicit from their favorite god the blessing of being born again in a future condition.

I met one day on one of my apostolic journeys a waggon filled with old Chinese women, who were pursuing, as I was, but with a certain pomp, the way that leads to the celebrated mountain. They alighted at the hotel, which I had reached before them. I had the curiosity to ask what were those women, and what motive made them travel at that age with so much show. I was told that they were of the sect of *tcham-tchai*; that under this title, they had never tasted meat nor fish during the whole course of their lives; that feeling their end approach (the youngest was at least seventy-eight years old, and the oldest exceeded ninety,) they came from the bottom of *Ho-Nam*, that is from more than two hundred and fifty miles, to remind their god of the abstinence they had religiously observed, and to solicit, as a reward of such long privations, a happy transmigration for their souls. Poor women! in pitying them from the bottom of my heart, I thought that their austerities would one day accuse the delicacy of a great number of Christians.

In *Xan-Tong*, the soil, although whitish and light is very fertile, and yields to several kinds of culture; millet, which is the ordinary food of people, beans, fruit of every sort, and

even cotton, thrive there better than in any other part of China. Unfortunately rain is rare, which often causes the crops to fail, and obliges the inhabitants to go to other provinces, where, provisions being sold at a cheaper rate, allows them to pass a less miserable life. There are few springs; the wells which are dug in place of them, supply a water so bitter that it is hardly drinkable. Such is nearly the physical aspect of *Xan-Tong*; its superficies contains, according to Wyld, 56,000 square miles, and its population according to the same author, amounts to 28,958,760 souls.

Viewed as a Mission, this province is, certainly, the poorest and most abandoned in the empire. It reckons scarcely four thousand Christians, scattered here and there, at such great distances, that they cannot give each other mutual support, nor receive the frequent visits of a Missionary; all are in extreme indigence, and are, besides, constantly persecuted by the gentiles of *Xan-Tong*, whose haughty and ferocious disposition in no way resembles the general character of the Chinese.

In several districts the Priest cannot show himself except at night. I do not know if there be more than six or seven public oratories. If I call them by this name, it is not that they are known to the pagans, but because they have been erected by neophytes at their common expense; and what oratories! In Europe you would not have them for stables! It is there, however, in the depth of the

darkness, in the silence which suits the proscribed, that we celebrate the divine mysteries.

Far from me be the thought of making a charge against the zeal of my Christians. The destitution of their chapels proceeds only from their poverty, and not from their want of faith; they would, moreover, fear that a more adorned sanctuary might awaken the hatred of their enemies, who are ever ready to make the smallest pretext a motive of oppression.

The chapels are built of earth and straw; for doors and windows they have ill-shaped holes; and if, by chance, heaven sends rain, the church is entirely inundated. Imagine the interior: in the middle, a table, which formerly may have been good for something, but now, worn and worm-eaten, it rocks on its ill-assorted legs, although they are often adjusted; upon this table the altar, surmounted by two sticks in the form of a cross; on each side, for want of candlesticks, an old porringer, holding two candles, black with dirt and time: these constitute all the furniture of the church. The floor is of beaten earth, always uneven and dusty, on which our Christians spread a little straw on which to kneel. Such gentlemen, are the cathedrals of Xan-Tong: such as I have seen each time that I have assembled my flock within their humble enclosure.

At the sight of such excessive misery, recollection took me back to my old Missions of Hou-Quang,

where I exercised the holy ministry during five years. Then I used to climb the high chains of the Pa-Tong-Hien. Good God! what indignance was displayed before my eyes! What a deplorable lot is that of those mountaineers, living upon steep and barren rocks, more suited to serve as haunts for deer than habitations for men! Separated from each other by three or four days' journey, those neophytes, the number of whom does not exceed five hundred, could only receive at long intervals the visit of a Priest; and to reach them it was necessary to cross chasms, to scale with hands and feet heights of so abrupt a descent that a false step, a root yielding to your efforts when you were thinking it would serve you as a support, a stone detached unintentionally by the guide who preceded you—if, however, you could find any one who would risk himself in so perilous a journey—would be sufficient to make one roll to the bottom of the precipices. Then, when drenched with perspiration and panting with fatigue, we arrived towards evening at the cabin which was to shelter us, our host had to offer us only water and a little salt to season the rice that we had brought ourselves: often was it necessary to wait until the old master of the house went to the neighboring forest to gather the wood which was required to cook our sorry repast. Our bed was the bare ground, happy when we could throw on it a handful of straw, not to soften it, but to preserve us from its dampness. However, on falling asleep, with our

thoughts on God, we enjoyed a calm and deep repose.

The houses of the Christians who vegetate upon those rocks are mere cabins ; the roof, as well as the interior divisions, are of straw ; a heap of stones serves as a table, and the bare ground suffices for resting. But what are privations to him who knows how, by faith, to change them into merits ! In place of the goods of this world they have treasures of virtues ; they have for the Missionary, whom they regard as an angel from God, a heart rich in affection and devotedness. With them in their cabins, consecrated by the most pious resignation, I have enjoyed inexpressible happiness, unknown, I believe, in the palaces of the great.

My people of Xan-Tong are not quite in such excessive distress, but they are also less in peace. I have already said how much the dispositions of the pagans are hostile to them ; a recent fact will convince you of this.

I conceived the project of building in a town, situated at twelve furlongs from the city of On-Tching-Hien, a more decent house for the celebration of holy mysteries. The knowledge which I had of the locality, the eagerness of the Christians to second my wishes all led me to believe that the chapel would be completed without raising a storm. We built then in a few days, a very small oratory, and so poor, that hatred itself, it would seem, should not have remarked it. But it was not so. One of the most fantastical amongst the idolators judg-

ed the occasion favorable to calumniate us, and he did not miss the opportunity. In his denunciation to the mandarin he painted us as dangerous conspirators : we were, he said, more than five thousand men employed in making arms and casting cannon to besiege Peking ; eight Europeans directed the enterprise ; already more than eighty warehouses were filled with provisions of every description ; souterrains, transformed into workshops, completed all that was necessary for the equipment of a formidable army, &c.

The accusation being thus drawn up, fearing, if he presented it himself, he might be caught in the toil that he laid for us, he threw it at night into the court-yard of the pretorium, where it set all in motion. The mandarin sent forthwith his emissaries to the places to inquire into the conspiracy. Our Christians in the meantime, having no idea of the suspicions that hung over them, and satisfied with having a new church, assembled every day to pray under the direction of Father Louis di Castellazzo, a religious of the order of the Observants. They were attending with security to this pious exercise when the spies arrived. The latter listened at the door, and heard inside a confused buzz, and, without further examination, ran to announce to the mandarin that the denunciation was but too well founded, that they had seen the headquarters of the conspirators, and that their number was at least five thousand. Observe that the total number

of the neophytes of this village does not amount to three hundred.

At this news the fright of the mandarin was at its height. Imagining already that he saw the city besieged, he caused the gates to be closed during three days, without however, publishing the motives of so extraordinary a measure, and employed all this time in secret preparations to go to blockade the rebels in their pretended fortress. The evening before setting out he wished in the first place to provide for the safety of what he esteemed most precious, by sending out of the province his family and his treasures ; but as it is vulgarly said, he threw himself into the water not to be wetted, for this same night his wife and his sons fell into the hands of the highwaymen and were completely plundered.

It was Corpus-Christi day ; soldiers in disguise came without noise to surround the approaches to the city. The governor followed them closely with four military mandarins, and a whole army of satellites. My provicar had scarcely time to make his escape at the moment when the troops, animated by the voice of their chiefs, mounted to the assault, overturned and pillaged the habitations on their way, seeking with their eyes the arsenal of the rebels in the midst of these little defenceless houses. A pious woman who strove to protect from profanation some articles connected with religion, had her arm pierced with a lance. Nevertheless, the combat had to cease for want of enemies. Then the searching com-

menced. The peasants were summoned to give up the cannons, muskets, arrows, swords, powder, &c., which the rebels had stored in the souterrains ; they could have demanded nothing better, but where were they to be had ? Their efforts united with those of the soldiers, produced no other discovery than that of a few prayer-books, my vestments, clothes, crozier, with a certain number of crosses and other things connected with religious worship. It was to conquer a like trophy that they had put a great city in a state of siege, a whole army in the field, and an inoffensive population in misery.

The governor felt sorely that he had been duped ; he became furious against those who had so cruelly mocked him ; but his anger did not save him from the ridicule and odium that would be attached to his expedition. Besides, the affair was commenced ; it should then be prosecuted by the mandarin, under penalty of seeing his responsibility compromised. He then ordered to be collected together the different things belonging to religion, twenty-four Christian men and four women to be put in chains, and with vexation in his heart, he resumed his way to the city, which he entered at night to conceal his shame.

The next day he was on his tribunal, and caused the prisoners to appear before him. " I went to your village to search for rebels and not for Christians," said he ; " but since you have fallen into my power, I

must judge you according to our laws. He then took one of the seized books, from which he read aloud a few passages, commenting on them with surprise mingled with admiration. "Indeed," said he, "your religion teaches nothing reprehensible. In my province (Fo-Kien) there are also Christians, and I confess they do harm to no person. Nevertheless, as it is a sect prohibited by the emperor, I must make you abjure it." "We cannot do so," answered all neophytes. "Deny God and Mary, his holy Mother (I do not know if he spoke seriously or to ridicule us), she whom you call in this book the *Mother of Mercy* will surely obtain your pardon." The Christian men refused with the same firmness. The women were then sent home, without having been subjected to the trial of the tortures.

All the rigors of the torture were reserved for the men. Having been buffeted and beaten, some apostatized, others displayed a courage superior to the most atrocious torments, repeated for five successive days, during which every kind of food was denied them, in order to break down their constancy by exhausting their strength. One of these intrepid confessors went so far as to stimulate the rage of the executioners, crying out to them, "Beat harder," when he had been already horribly scourged, tied by the neck, dragged into the court, and bruised against his heavy chains; and the more the blows resounded on his bleeding back, the more did he invoke aloud the names

of Jesus and Mary, which they wished to stifle on his lips, and the more he repeated with ardor, *May the Lord Jesus Christ be praised.*

At length the judge grew weary of unsuccessfully tormenting them; he would have wished to bring into the affair the superior mandarin of the district, but this magistrate answered him, that he did not like to meddle in the affairs of the Christians, and that he advised him to refer it to the *fu-tai*, or governor-general. This same functionary, who had refused to interfere in the case, asked if any one of the prisoners had denied the Gospel, and as he was answered that several had apostatised, "Oh! those," he added, "are certainly not good Christians; a good Christian prefers to die rather than to be unfaithful to his God." The petty mandarin was then obliged to address his report directly to the court; and he did so by giving a very unfaithful account of what had occurred.

The answer of the *fu-tai* was not long delayed. It intimated to the subaltern mandarin the order to proceed by means of tortures, to extort from the prisoners not only a denial of their faith, but the denunciation of their Christian accomplices, and particularly the missionaries; and, in case of refusal, to pronounce their sentence according to the strictest severity of the edicts. It was all over with this church, if God, who had permitted the storm to rise, had not turned it in time from those whom it threatened, to cause it to fall on its principal author. In effect, at the

moment when the *fu-tai* despatched his instructions, which have just been read, there arrived a decree from the emperor, which ordered himself to be shut up in a cage like a ferocious beast, and to be carried to Peking to give there an account of his misdeeds.

His successor treated the Christians with more humanity. But it is too true that man resists better extreme sufferings, when they are transitory, than uninterrupted affliction aggravated by the reflection of solitary sadness: This truth has been verified in regard of our unfortunate captives; the weariness, the stifling heat of the dungeon, the disgusting insects with which they were cover-

ed, effected with them what torments were unable to do; they retired from the lists before the end of the combat. A few days more of constancy, and they would have come forth victorious with their more courageous brethren; for the mandarin, tired of the length of the trial, sent them home to their families, after having ordered the demolition of the oratory. Thus terminated the persecution.

But if the Christian of Xan-Tong are few, miserable, and persecuted, the Mission of Nankin presents a consoling picture; it is in peace and flourishing, and corresponds in abundant fruits to the zeal of those who have directed it.—*Bost. Pilot.*

EDITORIAL OBSERVATIONS.

The pastoral letter of the Protestant Bishops assembled in convention at Philadelphia, presents a very instructive moral to the Catholic readers. With an arrogant assumption of truth on their side exclusively, they denounce by one dread anathema, both Puseyism and Catholicism, claiming thus to themselves a mere handful of doubtful and schismatical bishops—the attribute of infallibility,

which they ridicule and spurn in an œcumenical council.

They dared not define their faith. They cling to the thirty nine articles, which must be understood according to the interpretation of the best divines. Now some of the best divines have interpreted them one way, and some another. They contradict one another. In fact, this “Pastoral” has more and more convinced

us, that Protestantism is nothing but a *contradiction*.

We, however, the members of the ancient Catholic and Apostolic church, from which, if they have orders, (which we deny) they received them all, and to which they are indebted for the sacred Scriptures themselves, are publicly and unceremoniously, and blasphemously, branded as IDOLATERS. We pity and forgive the presumption and impiety of the convention.

DUNIGANS' ILLUMINATED BIBLE.—We have received Nos. 3, 4 and 5 of this magnificent edition of the Bible. The engravings which accompany it are all on steel, and are, we think, superior in every respect to Harper's famous pictorial Bible. We trust Mr. Dunigan will be rewarded for his zeal and enterprise, and that his splendid work will continue to receive the extensive patronage which, we understand, it now enjoys.

INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

DIOCESE OF NEW YORK.—*Confirmation*.—On the 15th of Sept. the Rt. Rev. Dr. McCloskey conferred the sacrament of confirmation, at Utica, upon two hundred persons, some of whom were converts. The next day a large number of the German congregation received the same sacrament.—*Truth Teller*.

September 20th, the same prelate administered confirmation at Watertown, and dedicated a new church to

the worship of God. On Sunday following, the sacrament of confirmation was conferred at Carthage. On the 24th this sacrament was administered at Rosier, to one hundred persons, and a few days after at French Creek, where also a new church was dedicated.

On the 4th of October the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hughes confirmed nearly a hundred persons in the German church (Most Holy Redeemer) in the city of New York.

The same sacrament was adminis-

tered by Bishop McCloskey, on the 3d of October, at Hogansburg, to about one hundred persons. A few days after he dedicated a new church at Fort Covington, and confirmed one hundred and sixty-two persons. The bishop proceeded from this place to Malone, where he confirmed sixty individuals, and thence to Chataouque where fifty more received the same sacrament.—*Freeman's Journal*.

PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.—The receipts of this association for the year 1843 amounted to nearly \$700,000. About \$150,000 have been distributed among the missions of the United States. Europe has received upwards of \$105,000; Asia nearly \$200,000; Africa, about \$53,00; North and South America, not including the United States, upwards of \$50,000; and Oceanica nearly \$100,000.

—
DIOCESS OF BOSTON.—*Confirmation in Bangor.* The Rt. Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick administered this sacrament on Sunday the 6th Oct. in St. Michael's church.—*Boston Pilot*.

—
ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—*Mr. Editor:* It is with pleasure I inform you that we are recently favored with a episcopal visitation. According to appointment, the Most Rev. Archbishop Eccleston, Sunday, October 13th, administered confirmation in Cumberland to forty-six persons—

of whom four were converts to the faith. On that solemn occasion high mass was sung by Rev. L. Obermyer, pastor of the congregation, and, previous to giving confirmation, the Most Rev. Archbishop, from the platform of the altar, delivered an eloquent and impressive sermon. The present spacious church was filled to overflowing mainly with Catholics, but still with many Protestants—yet all this large concourse of people evinced the deepest interest in the archbishop's discourse. For an hour long he enlisted their attention to powerful arguments in behalf of the usual ceremonies in the divine worship, showing their sacred origin, tracing them through the whole of the history of God's intercourse with man, and clearly proving that even nature has implanted in the human breast a conviction of their utility, and a desire for their employment, as is manifested in various relations of life—by which it is seen that in this matter the voice of nature, uninfluenced and unfettered harmonizes with the revelations of God. He also made a lucid exposition of the divine institution, the ancient and continued use, the effects, and the ceremonies of some of the sacraments, particularly that of confirmation, which he was about administering. This brief notice, however, can convey no adequate idea of the compass and completeness of the address. In this discourse, replete with learning and logic, the most reverend speaker convinced the understanding and swayed the heart,

whilst his elegance of language and grace of gesture delighted the audience. A happy and lasting impression was made, and the desire produced of soon again enjoying such another favor. LEO.

New Church.—On Tuesday, the 22d inst. the corner stone of a new Catholic church, near Elkridge Landing, was laid, under the invocation of St. Augustine. The Most Rev. Archbishop not being able to attend, the Rev. B. S. Piot, of Ellicott's Mills, conducted the ceremony in a most interesting and impressive manner. His dignified and able exposition of the ceremonies of the church on such occasion, and his remarks in allusion to its patron saint, elicited the deepest attention of a highly respectable assemblage. His zealous appeal for the spiritual welfare of the congregation, was only equalled by his beautiful eulogy of their efforts and the fervent aspiration which he expressed for the success of the undertaking.

Confirmation.—On the first Sunday of October, the Most Rev. Archbishop administered the sacrament of confirmation at Alexandria, D. C., to eighty two persons. The candidates had been prepared for the solemn occasion by the exercises of a spiritual retreat, which had been conducted during the four days previous for the benefit of the congregation, which is under the charge of the Rev. B. A. Young, S. J.—*U. S. Catholic Magazine.*

New Churches.—Two new churches are in progress of erection in

Maine, each sixty feet in length, by forty or forty-five in width: one is at Houlton and the other at the Catholic settlement of Aroostook.

Conversions.—O. A. Brownson, Esq., received the sacraments of baptism and confirmation, at the hands of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick, in the cathedral of the Holy Cross, on Sunday last. On the same evening, D. C. Johnson, Esq., ("the Cruikshank of America") and a Mr. Briggs, were also received into the fold of the one Shepherd. Such scenes as this are becoming of frequent occurrence in our churches.—*Boston Pilot.*

—
DIOCESS OF PHILADELPHIA.—Confirmation.—On Thursday, October 10th, the bishop administered to holy sacrament of confirmation at St. Mary's church, Elizabethtown, to fifty-five persons, and on Friday, the 11th, at St. Patrick's, Carlisle, to twenty-eight; in the church of St. Joseph, Milton, on Tuesday the 15th, to twenty persons; in the chapel at Wilkesbarre, on Thursday, the 17th, to sixty-four persons; on Sunday, the 19th, in the church of St. Mary Beaver Meadows, to eighty-three persons; in the church of St. Patrick, Nesquehoning, on Sunday, the 20th, to ninety-seven persons; in the church of St. Bernard, Easton, on Tuesday, the 22d, to sixty-seven persons.—*Catholic Herald.*

—
DIOCESS OF ST. LOUIS.—Free School.—On the 10th of September

a new Catholic free-school, for the male German children, was opened at St. Louis, under the charge of members of the Society of Jesus.

Dedication.—On the 15th of September a new German church, under the invocation of "Our Lady of Victory," was blessed at St. Louis by the Very Rev. J. Timon, C. M.—*Catholic Cabinet*.

—
DIOCESS OF VINCENNES.—*Episcopal Visitation.*—We learn from the *Cuth. Advocate* that on Tuesday, the 1st of October, the Rt. Rev. Dr. de la Hailandiere confirmed fifty-one individuals at Jasper. On the following day he blessed a new church at Celestine, a flourishing colony recently established. Thence he proceeded to Ferdinand, where twenty-four persons received confirmation. On Sunday, the 6th of October, he conferred the same sacrament on twenty-seven persons in the parish of Leopold. Many of these above mentioned who received confirmation were converts.—*U. S. C. Mag.*

—
DIOCESS OF LITTLE ROCK.—From a letter of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Byrne, bishop of Little Rock, we learn that he has just recovered from an illness of two months, which was so severe as at one time to excite the most serious apprehensions. During his sickness he was two hundred miles from Little Rock. There are but

two churches in the diocese, which are much in debt, and the bishop has but one priest to labor with him in this extensive field, the Rev. John Corry, who has commenced a Catholic settlement in a delightful part of Washington county, to which he has given the name of Mount St. Mary's. A church is to be built here and in other places.—*Id.*

OBITUARY.

His Eminence, Cardinal *Sylvester Belli*, bishop of Jesi, born at Anagni in 1781, and raised to the Cardinalate on the 12th July, 1841, died of apoplexy in his episcopal city on the 9th September.—*Tablet*.

At Georgetown College, D. C., on Sunday the 13th ult., the Very Rev. *Adolphus Lewis de Barth* departed this life in the 80th year of his age, and 54th of his priesthood.

Few persons have better reason to rejoice in the fulness of their days than had the venerable priest whose death is recorded in the above lines. Born at Munster, in the province of upper Rhine, on the 1st of November, 1764, he early learned the value of virtue from the example as well as the instructions of his pious parents, the Count de Barth and Maria Louisa de Rohmer, both distinguished as much for their sedulous attention to their religious duties as by their station in society. From the virtuous education he received from these ex-

cellent parents he drew that zeal for the service of his Maker, which kept him, in the dangerous state of youth, aloof from the seductions of vice, and ultimately urged him to consecrate his whole person to God in a special manner, by embracing the ecclesiastical state. After completing the usual course of academic studies in the college of the Permonstratenses, at Bellay, in the bishopric of Porenthrin, he retired to the theological seminary of Strasburg to fulfil this important design. But the persecutions and horrors with which philosophy was deluging France left no asylum for virtue in that unhappy country. He had scarcely been ordained priest, when in 1790 he was forced by the harpies of the revolution to seek again the protection of his paternal home. The revolutionists, however, had been there before him. His father, unable to bear the contemplation of the evils brought on his country by these men, had emigrated in company with some other gentlemen to the United States, bringing with him as much of his property as he could save from pillage. He determined then to follow his father, and was welcomed as a seasonable auxiliary by the Venerable Bishop Carroll, who soon discovered the treasure that Providence had thus sent him. By his authority he went as missionary to the lower counties of Maryland, whence, after some time, he was removed to Bohemia, in Cecil county, on the Eastern Shore in the same state, from which place he went to Lancaster,

Penn., to aid those of his countrymen who, like himself, had escaped the anarchy and bloodshed of their own homesteads, and sought peace and security in the new world. His worth and abilities in the discharge of these missionary duties soon pointed him out as capable of fulfilling those of a higher and holier character. At the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Egan, bishop of Philadelphia, he was appointed vicar-general of the diocese, and administered it in such a manner as showed he was worthy to succeed him. But he sought not for honors, and having twice declined, and once sent back the bulls of his appointment, he gladly resigned his high place to the Right Rev. Dr. Conwell, and retired to Conewago again to undergo the laborious trials of a country missionary. In 1828 he was called to the charge of the congregation of St. John's, Baltimore. Here, as well as in his other missions, his edifying life and untiring zeal gained him the respect and love, not only of his flock, but of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He remained in Baltimore until 1838, when by reason of his advanced age, and the infirmities contracted by a long and toilsome ministry, he felt himself unequal to the discharge of the numerous duties that were necessary for the care of a large and increasing congregation. He retired therefore to Georgetown College, that by a more exclusive attention to devotional exercises he might render himself more fit to appear before that God who is to judge justice itself.

And well did he prepare himself for this judgement. Daily, as long as his health permitted, he offered up the holy sacrifice, and when his weakness no longer allowed him this consolation, he received the holy of holies at the hands of one of the fathers appointed to assist him. This happiness he enjoyed until the day before his peaceful death. Thus fortified with the bread of the strong, he saw the king of terrors approach, with a calm and confident assurance that his God was ready to crown his labors. During his sickness, if the more rapid failure of strength may be so called, he had the consolation of seeing his only surviving brother, Col. John de Barth Walbach, U. S. A., and his son; and we could not but own the divine influence of our holy faith at seeing the meeting of these fervent Christians. His agony was without pain, the gradual decay of nature. In the full possession of his faculties, after receiving all the rites of the church, he breathed his last a few minutes after five o'clock in the evening. His funeral took place on Tuesday morning, after a solemn high mass had been celebrated for the repose of his soul, by the Right Rev. Dr. Fenwick, bishop of Boston.—*U. S. C. Mag.*

FOREIGN.

ENGLAND.

On Sunday last the sacrament of

confirmation was administered at the Catholic chapel, Tamworth, by the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman, to seventy-five persons, the greater number of whom were converts.—*Tablet.*

On Thursday, the 26th ult., in the Catholic chapel of Cannington, the Right Rev. Dr. Baggs, assisted by the Rev. Wm. Gheeby, administered the sacrament of confirmation to forty candidates, of whom many were recent converts to the true faith.—*Id.*

TORR ABBEY CHAPEL, DEVON.—On Tuesday, the 17th ult., the Right Rev. Dr. Baggs conferred the sacrament of confirmation upon sixteen persons, some of whom are converts. Amongst the converts were Miss Bell and Charles Prideaux Fox, Esq., of Torquay, formerly a member of the Society of Friends, and both taken into the church by the late pastor, the Rev. T. M. M'Donnell, now of Clifton. Amongst the Protestants who were present at the confirmation, I perceived with their families in the tribune the Rev. Messrs. Park, Smith, Brown, and Mallock, clergymen of the established church; and in the body of the chapel Mrs. Liddiard and daughter, of Bath.—*Id.*

LIVERPOOL.—The R. C. Bishop of Lancashire has purchased All Saints

Church (known as Bannister's church) in this town, for a *Catholic Church*, which will be solemnly dedicated on All Saints Day, the first of November. The price paid for the building was 2,700*l*. The Rev. John James Murphy will be appointed minister.—*Liverpool Journal*.



PRESTON.—*The Catholic News Room*.—At a meeting of subscribers to this news room, held last Monday evening, R. Arrowsmith, Esq., in the chair, it was resolved that the room should be considered as closed on Monday next, and on the following day be amalgamated with the library and reading room of the Catholic Institution. It will thus be placed on a more secure and advantageous footing. The library of the Institution contains upwards of a thousand volumes.—*Preston Chronicle*.



STONEYHURST. *Ordinations*.—The Right Rev. Dr. Sharples has this week conferred ordinations at Stoneyhurst College. The Revs. W. Clifford, W. Johnson, and T. Cooper, have received sub-deacon and deacon's orders, and will this day be promoted to the dignity of the priesthood.—*Ib*.

IRELAND.

CASHEL.—His Grace the Archbi-

shop of Cashel, held a Visitation in the united parishes of Hospital and Herbertstown on Wednesday last. In consequence of the miserably ruinous and dilapidated state of the chapel of Hospital, his Grace was obliged to hold the visitation of both parishes and administer the Sacrament of Confirmation in the spacious house of worship lately erected in Herbertstown. His lordship addressed the congregated thousands in that dignified and impressive manner for which his Grace is so distinguished. His theme was paternal love and universal charity to all, without distinction of creed or clime, and his emphatic and energetic appeals to the feelings of the crowded audience, his solemn and impressive diction, and his venerable countenance irradiated with the heartfelt appreciation of the Divine precepts which he so forcibly inculcated, impressed the most lukewarm of his auditors with the firm conviction of his Divine mission from the God of Charity and Peace. His Grace in congratulating the parishoners of Herbertstown for the prompt and praiseworthy manner in which they aided their respected pastor in the erection of their splendid chapel, reverted with feelings of heartfelt sorrow to the utterly ruinous and dilapidated state of the parish chapel of Hospital, pronouncing it totally unfit for the celebration of any of the sacraments of our holy religion within its decayed precincts, and declared that he felt it an indispensable and imperative duty to prevent the solemn sacrifice of the Most High being of-

fered within the crazy and tottering edifice in future, unless those personages who have hitherto thwarted the praiseworthy exertions of the zealous pastor and parishioners for the erection of a suitable temple to the Almighty, give up their unholy opposition and munificently contribute (as is their bounden duty as landlords and professors of the same religious principles) to so praiseworthy and laudable a purpose. His Grace administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to over 500 persons. The amiable lady of William C. Keys, Esq., solicitor, who lately abjured the errors of Protestantism, and was received into the *one fold* by the respected pastor of the parish, also received the Sacrament of Confirmation. On Tuesday evening his Grace, together with the clergymen of the surrounding district, were sumptuously entertained by the Rev. T. Hadyn, whose sterling patriotism, genuine hospitality, and unflinching opposition to oppression and persecution in every shape, are highly and deservedly appreciated.—*Limerick Reporter*.

ITALY.

A commission was some time ago established in Rome, for the purpose of collecting such old pictures, prints, drawings, and descriptions, as might afford assistance in the projected restoration of the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle. Herr von Quast, who is

at the head of the commission, wished to compare a print given by Pistoletti, in the *Vaticano descritto*, with an oil painting, of the interior of the cathedral, which he himself had seen in the Vatican a few years ago.—However, the picture was not to be found, and for a considerable time fruitless inquiries respecting it were set on foot by Herr von Buch, the Prussian envoy to the Papal See. At length Dr. Dressel was so fortunate as to discover it in a private gallery, and it was immediately purchased by Herr von Buch. As a work of art the picture is but of mediocre value; but it will be of important assistance to the object the commission has in view. It presents, with the utmost fidelity of detail, the interior of the cathedral as it was before the mutilation of the edifice by the French about the end of the last century. They broke up and partially carried away the costly columns of porphyry and marble, brought by Charlemagne from San Vitale, in Ravenna. The peace of Paris, in 1814, restored them, at least in part, to Aix. The painting recently discovered in Rome, represents the colored columns; but whether it will be possible to restore them all is a doubtful question. Pistoletti's plate is faulty in perspective as well as incorrect and defective in the representation of the architectural ornaments.

It is stated that in the Catholic Church throughout the world, there are now 147 archbishops, 584 bishops, 71 vicars apostolical, 9 prefects, and 200,000,000 members.

LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASS.

WELLS BINDERY
WALTHAM, MASS.
APR. 1946

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY



3 8151 001 15453 0

LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASS.

